

# Life

MAY  
15 CENTS  
IN CANADA 20¢



"GOODBYE AGAIN!"

*llyaba*



***Something special for those  
who know how to Value it***

**T**HERE is a value in Goodyear Double Eagle Tires beyond their remarkable utility. That is the mental ease they give you, the assurance of being superior to any demand. You do not worry about risks, delays, any of the annoyances or inconveniences of tire trouble. In their superlative quality Double Eagles are deliberately made more rugged and massive than any normal use requires. Double Eagles cost a little more, naturally. But unless you have priced them lately you'll find they cost less than you think. Improved now over even their original unique excellence, they are more than ever the world's finest tires. Incidentally, on a miles-per-dollar basis they're likely to prove also to be the world's finest buy.



*The* **DOUBLE EAGLE** *by*

**GOODYEAR**



**I**T TAKES MORE than good gasoline to make an old car kick up its heels and act young again. It takes good gasoline *plus* the life-restoring action of Ethyl fluid.

Inside the car engine, Ethyl fluid banishes harmful knock and sluggishness. It brings lost youth and power back to your motor. It gives you again the old thrill when you step on it!

These days, when we have to do without so many things, we *need* the pleasure our cars can give us. And

even if you don't place dollars and cents value on the *fun* of driving with Ethyl Gasoline, you'll make savings in lessened repair bills that more than offset the small extra cost.

Just remember: The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



*Ethyl fluid contains lead.* © E. G. C. 1933



#### BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

\*\*\*

The all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline is doubly tested: at the time of its mixing, and through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. The Ethyl Gasoline standard of anti-knock quality is higher today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE **ETHYL** PUMP



## MOOSEHEAD LAKE



## Where land-locked salmon strike

Go North, after May 1st—to Moosehead Lake in Maine—where trout and fighting salmon rise to the fly. Here, at West Outlet Camps, a full creel is common, if hard-won.

This spot will endear itself to your family, too. Day-long boat trips, with lunches cooked by an experienced Maine guide, hiking, games and water-sports furnish recreation. Your home is an individual log cabin, with electric light, bath, hot and cold water. For thirty years, this has been the outstanding resort on Moosehead Lake. Write for Booklet "A" and low rates.

## WEST OUTLET CAMPS

WEST OUTLET · MAINE

FRANK A. MACKENZIE

PROPRIETOR

# Life

MAY : 1933

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Cover modelled by Lester Gaba  
for direct color camera

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## AMERICANS

who know their  
**LONDON**

★  
stay at

## Grosvenor House

Grosvenor House makes an instant appeal to Americans. It faces Hyde Park—with its glorious trees and brilliant flowers. It's just "around the corner" from the smart shopping area and theatre-land. In the Tudor Grill you will find an American menu



and real American coffee. Inside the hotel there is everything from a golf school to two banks.

Yet in spite of occupying 3 acres of the most exclusive square mile in the world, Grosvenor House has a reasonable tariff . . . double room from 1½ guineas (\$5.40); single room from 1 guinea (\$3.60); suites from 2 guineas (\$7.20). All rooms with private bath, of course.

Write to the Manager, for an illustrated booklet

## GROSVENOR HOUSE

Park Lane  
**LONDON**

CABLE • GROVHOWS, AUDLEY, LONDON



# Lose It, Please

WHO started this "Glamor"  
Some movie-star, damn her!  
Who played in an amor-  
ous talkie.

Now, *all* lips are vivid,  
Eyes strange and lascivious  
And faces pale, livid  
And chalky.

Each woman goes mystic  
And tries to make this stick  
With weirdly artistic  
"Allure"

A mood has attacked her  
And poses attract her  
Which no chiropractor  
Can cure.

With pantherish treading  
And cobra-like threading  
She slinks around, spreading  
Her wiles;  
Deep plottings enmesh her  
And under their pressure  
She turns on vague, Cheshire  
Cat smiles!

Oh Lady, please scuttle  
This sinuous, subtle,  
But glorified cuttle-  
fish pose;  
The star of the camer-  
A's only a shammer—  
The glamor of Glamor  
Soon goes!

—Berton Braley



"Hello—New York Central? This is  
Rufus!"

## North German Lloyd

The Line of the Bremen and Europa

57 Broadway, New York City

Offices and Agents Everywhere

BARNEY TOBEY

# Let's go Scotch!

## NOW . . . A REALLY BIG BOTTLE OF "SODA" . . . AT A 1933 PRICE

PERHAPS you're Scotch by birth. Then this new delightful water will certainly appeal to your thrift.

Or maybe you're Scotch by taste. Then here's a real treat for your palate. Because you can't buy a better "soda" than Canada Dry's Sparkling Water at *any* price! The big silver bottle holds 5 full glasses . . . making anywhere from 5 to 8 long, tall drinks.



And the last glass out of the bottle is just as good as the first! Canada Dry's Sparkling Water holds its life! The zest of its myriad tiny bubbles lasts! But that's a secret—it's our special process of pin-point carbonation. No one else knows how to do it!

## A FULL 28-OUNCE BOTTLE ONLY 20C . . . PLUS 5C BOTTLE DEPOSIT

*Slightly higher in a few territories where freight rates do not permit return of bottles; also in some places for icing, delivery, or other special services. But always a bargain!*



## CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

PREDICTIONS FOR THE PROSPEROUS MONTH OF—

1933 MAY 1933						
SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
<p><b>1</b></p> <p>The birthstone is emerald for incorruptibility and success in love—a hard combination.</p>	<p><b>1</b></p>  <p>May Day! Communists win surprise victory over Nazis with Flit.</p>	<p><b>2</b></p> <p>Prosperity Extral One can live as expensively as two! Marriages multiply!</p>	<p><b>3</b></p>  <p>Chicago baby bites candidate as he tries to kiss him. Civic organizations clamor to give babies the vote.</p>	<p><b>4</b></p> <p>Secretary Woodin thinks that he will never see a poem lovely as an open bank.</p>	<p><b>5</b></p>  <p>Prosperity special! The Municipal Lodging House moves into the Waldorf-Astoria.</p>	<p><b>6</b></p> <p>Rockefeller forgets to pay his electric bill. Morgan turns out his lights.</p>
<p><b>7</b></p>  <p>Rockefeller puts sand in Morgan's motor oil.</p>	<p><b>8</b></p> <p>New York City finds there is no graft in street cars. Abolishes street cars.</p>	<p><b>9</b></p>  <p>Prosperity Extral Board of Health warns against overeating. Assures public that prosperity will last until the next meal.</p>	<p><b>10</b></p> <p>The World Disarmament Conference accepts a 50% cut in bows and arrows.</p>	<p><b>11</b></p>  <p>The Board of Aldermen votes to become a deliberative body. Will decide all future bills with daisies.</p>	<p><b>12</b></p> <p>France explains to Ambassador Straus why it costs even less than 6% not to deal for cash.</p>	<p><b>13</b></p>  <p>Suffragettes draft new program for world salvation. Decide to take the vote away from the men.</p>
<p><b>14</b></p> <p>Prosperity special. The Chamber of Commerce leases a suite.</p>	<p><b>15</b></p>  <p>Charlie Chaplin denies that he is Adolph Hitler's brother.</p>	<p><b>16</b></p> <p>President Roosevelt cancels White House coal orders. Believes politics will keep him warm.</p>	<p><b>17</b></p>  <p>Congress prepares for long fall sessions. Furnishes both chambers with beds.</p>	<p><b>18</b></p> <p>Prosperity Extral Clamoring New York voters insist they can afford Mayor Walker again.</p>	<p><b>19</b></p>  <p>The Board of Estimate and Apportionment resolves that 6 months is too long before election to economize.</p>	<p><b>20</b></p> <p>The Nazis enact more decrees to protect Nazis from the effects of Nazi excesses.</p>
<p><b>21</b></p>  <p>Prospective fathers in Chicago pray for daughters because girls can walk home from a ride.</p>	<p><b>22</b></p> <p>Japan installs a turnstile in the open door to China.</p>	<p><b>23</b></p>  <p>Bootleg tycoons discuss new deal.</p>	<p><b>24</b></p> <p>Mayor O'Brien signs up Jimmy Walker's gag man.</p>	<p><b>25</b></p>  <p>Theatre owners suggest that girls sit on escorts' laps, as prosperity crowds overtax seating capacities.</p>	<p><b>26</b></p> <p>Production of non-fattening potato results in unprecedented buying. Farmers pay off their mortgages.</p>	<p><b>27</b></p>  <p>Prosperity special! Police department warns against overcrowding in Empire State Building.</p>
<p><b>28</b></p> <p>The Noise Abatement Commission suggests padded apartments for all-night parties.</p>	<p><b>29</b></p>  <p>Success! Johnny Weissmuller is asked to pose for animal crackers.</p>	<p><b>30</b></p> <p>America's cup runs over. Greta Garbo ban come back.</p>	<p><b>31</b></p>  <p>Prosperity Final! New York City deserted! Entire population gone to the Riviera!</p>	<p>People born before the 20th of the month are great lovers but they eat too much.</p>	<p>People born after the 20th are very generous. They make good prospects for a touch.</p>	<p>To be continued next month</p> <p>VIALÉ</p>

—Compiled by José Schorr; Decorated by Albert Vialé



## Why rope 'em when you can dope 'em?



**N**O WONDER that cow was cowed! Brother, there isn't a steer in Texas that could stand up under the fumes of that smudgy smoke!

But that's the only good argument we ever heard for strong, heavy tobacco in a soggy pipe. Every man in the cow punching game—and out of it—should smoke good, mild tobacco in a well-kept pipe. Take Sir Walter Raleigh's Burley mixture, for example. There's a smoke that's as mild as a prairie evening, but there's flavor in it... rich... full bodied... satisfying... and kept fresh in gold foil. On your next trip to your tobacco store make this resolution... "Smoke the tobacco that has become a national favorite."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. O-35



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

## CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton  
—And In Reply Would State:



**B**EST BOOK OF THE MONTH: "In God's Land" by Martin Andersen Nexø. BEST BIOGRAPHY: "The Tragedy of Tolstoy" by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy. I WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT: "Intimate Memories" by Mabel Dodge Luhan. FUNNIEST: Not Thorne Smith. AI-YI!: "Man and Wife" by Beth Brown. BEST FOREIGN TRANSLATION: "Solal" by Albert Cohen.

*The Kingfish:*

**W**HAT you want to do about it is your own affair, but anything I have to say about Huey Long I say outside his presence. Furthermore, I want him to know that the name signed to this book page is a pseudonym. I mean it's a pen name. I mean it isn't my name. The idea of anybody being called Kyle Crichton—well, on the face of it, Mr. Long, you can see how impossible it would be.

Webster Smith (another wise fellow with a pen name) has written a book about Huey Long with all the regular stories of the German admiral and Huey in his b.v.d.'s., of the battle royal in Louisiana, the alleged bribes and frame-ups, the sound trucks, the filibuster in Congress. A clown, yes. And after the laughter has died down, try to remember that Hitler was also a clown, with a Charlie Chaplin mus-

tache. The stupidity with which people regard Long is unbelievable. The New York papers vary between disgust, indignation and ridicule. Ridicule! Ridicule, my brethren, ain't worth a damn and never was against anybody with stuff. They called Franklin Roosevelt a Boy Scout and referred to his Christian Science smile and scorned him as the most wishy-washy man who ever had the effrontery to offer himself for any office beyond county treasurer. What conquers men is not ridicule but conditions. In 1924, the vote would have proved that Franklin Roosevelt was the sap they said he was. Conditions made him President and those conditions are still with us. Those conditions can make Presidents and also dictators and that is where Huey Long enters. Anybody who ignores him is dumb. In the N. Y. Times when Senator Glass makes a speech against Senator Long, it is a speech; when Long speaks against Glass, it is a tirade. Ray Tucker writes for the U.P. that the Senate is giving Huey Long the silence cure. Bah! Read one of Long's speeches in the *Congressional Record* and get awake. The man is shrewd, clever and knows exactly where he is going. Read Webster Smith's book. You may be getting acquainted with your next ruler.

*Three Degrees Under the Dead Sea:*

**A**BOUT this time every May, I put down the book I am being paid to read and say, "Could



"Down with capitalism! Down with war!  
Down with religion! Down with everything!"

anybody possibly write as badly as that?" and always answer myself, "Yes; Vicki Baum." Miss Baum is one of the best known women in the world since "Grand Hotel" and it is evident that she has been taking lessons; nobody could write as she does in her latest, "Helene", just naturally.

#### The Old Tont:

In addition to the new wonders mentioned last month, keep your eyes on Vincent McHugh who has just written "Sing Before Breakfast" and Julian L. Shapiro who has written "The Water Wheel". Also an orchid to the publishers who are giving new writers a break Despite Everything.

#### Tenderness:

I ALWAYS have a sneaking feeling for George Jean Nathan even when he is irritating the liver out of me. The old gaffer has taste and guts and a rain barrel full of scorn for phonies and fairies and theatrical managers. He knew Eugene O'Neill when he saw him and O'Neill is still a mile beyond all the others. I've just been reading the London reviews of "All God's Chillun Got Wings" and that makes me realize more than ever that O'Neill writes plays about something. Look at our late successes: "Another Language" (a young writer fights his middle-class background); "Alien Corn" (a pie-annist fights her middle-class background); "Design for Living" (Havelock Ellis fights the Methodist Church). Nathan doesn't fall for this *Geduddleheit*. He says in so many words: "This *Geduddleheit* gives me a pain in the Great Gazoomb". He has now dug up a lot of moth-eaten gags and lint out of the bin and Papa Knopf has published it with the doggiest jacket seen since Oscar Wilde. You have your suspicions when you start peeling off the jacket to get to the book. Your suspicions are justified. It isn't much, but George Jean is all right himself.

#### Furrin Gossip:

In France they've finally got round to publishing the first volume of Trotsky's "Russian Revolution" and sell it from under the counter, like a naughty book. Celine's *Voyage au bout de la Nuit* is the rage in Paris. Little, Brown will do it over here. Simon & Schuster are publishing "Little Man, What

Now?" by Hans Fallada, a sensation in Germany.

#### No End Brief (British)

DUTCH TREAT SHOW BOOK. The club member who stole my copy is known. If returned by Wednesday, no questions asked.

"The Big Cage" by Clyde Beatty and Edward Anthony. The guy who goes in the cage with those Ringling cats and should cut it out on account of my heart. A raft of pictures.

"Cold Comfort Farm" by Stella Gibbons. The tragic, sex-and-disaster novels of English farm life get a sock in the eye. Funniest burlesque novel since Stephen Leacock.

"Murder Must Advertise" by Dorothy Sayers. Lord Peter Wimsey, noble and famous detective, takes a job in an advertising agency to unearth the killer of a copy-writer. Can they convict a man for that?

"The Captain Hates the Sea" by Wallace Smith. Not a sober moment in this one—at least, only a few. For those who know their way about.

"The Werewolf of Paris" by Guy Endore. Thrills, chills, gasps and shivers. The horrific history of Sergeant Bertrand who knew he was a werewolf

and was always sort of embarrassed about it.

"Los Angeles" by Morrow Mayo. A critical study of the great American Babbitt-warren.

"Forest Fire" by Rex Stout. The hero loves his forests so much he'd do murder for them, and nearly does—but his wife shoots him first. What I've always contended—keep out of the woods.

"A Man Named Luke" by March Cost. A British doctor lives it all over as he sits in his fireside chair—where he dies, by the way. Twangs the old heart-strings.

"Red Virtue" by Ella Winter. The human side of Russia. Very good.

"Hat Check Girl" by Renee Carroll. Don't bother.

#### And Thou?

I CARE not for  
Expensive dress  
Nor precious jewels—  
I must confess  
Money itself  
Means nought to me.  
All that I ask  
Is just to be  
Among the flowers  
Beside the brook  
With a jug of wine  
And a lovely book.

Here's my only demand  
(Just common sense):  
That the book be small  
But the jug immense.

—Phyllis Smith.



## YOU'LL FIND SPACIOUS DECKS LIKE THESE ONLY ON THE BIG THREE



## Loaf and play all the way to California

JUST picture yourself basking in the sun on the broad, open decks of these great liners—the BIG THREE... just imagine gay good times around their two open-air pools... Yes, their spacious decks, their large, luxurious public rooms, are just made for loafing... their roomy, inviting cabins give you every comfort, including plenty of "elbow room."

#### The Big Three!

The largest ships in coast-to-coast service—how important that is for your enjoyment! What a lot of fun you can have; what smooth, unruffled travel is assured you on these giant liners, the *Virginia*, *Pennsylvania* and *California*. They are modern turbo-electric liners giving you the latest features of vibrationless speed. Their size gives you good times and comfort—their speed is for your convenience.

And on this delightfully cool sea voyage to California you will have plenty of time to visit the two worthwhile "high-spots" of the trip—Havana and the Panama Canal. Rates are the lowest ever—and in addition there's a 25% reduction for round trips by sea.

#### Around and Across America by Water and Rail

Round trips from your home town and back. Take steamer voyage in either direction and rail opposite way with choice of routes and stopovers. 8,500 miles of fascinating travel at very moderate rates. For complete details apply to your local agent.

## PANAMA PACIFIC LINE

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE CO.  
No. 1 Broadway, New York; 216 N. Michigan  
Ave., Chicago; 687 Market St., San Francisco.  
Other offices in principal cities. Agents everywhere.





—Tintype by Tony Balcom

*"I've experimented with the zither, the violin, and the piano, but I prefer the guitar because I don't have so much trouble getting into bed with it."*—Secretary of the Treasury William H. Woodin.





MAY, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

## "—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—"

LIFE'S Own Bureau of Consumer Research

### OUR COUNTRY

Man  
of the  
Month

WHEN Mr. William Hartman Woodin [first syllable pronounced *Woo*] was 16, his father placed \$10,000 in his bank account and told him to see what he could do with it. The only advice Mr. Woodin's father gave him regarding the money was that he shouldn't go into debt. In six months Bill Woodin was broke, and the stock he had bought was assessed \$15 a share. That's why Mr. Woodin advises all young men today not to speculate.

But our favorite story about the new Secretary of the Treasury has to do with a practical joke. We like it because it demonstrates Mr. Woodin's sense of humor, and if anything is needed in Washington it's a sense of humor. Mr. Woodin, it is said, once invited a prominent man to his home for the week-end, and had a life-like dummy of a woman placed in the guest's bathtub. If the story is true we applaud Mr. Woodin; if it isn't, we wish it were.

thereupon visibly converted to Communism. The crowd eats up this sort of stuff.

Facing Red Square, on 14th St., is the Acme Picture Theatre [called Acne by the ribald] which exhibits nothing but Soviet movies. Around the corner, on 13th St., is Red House, the headquarters of the official Communist Party of America, where *The Daily Worker* is published, speakers trained, pamphlets issued, campaigns organized, and so on.

Neighboring these activities are cheap department stores, and, far up at the end of the Square, Tammany Hall looks down upon the wrangling scene from its colonial mansion and grins cynically, knowing where all such political manifestations end.

• • •

### WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

No! THE OTHER DAY we met a lady with a determined expression on her face and a pin on her breast

bearing the inscription NO. We asked her what it meant; she said if anybody offered her a drink she flashed the pin at them, which meant that she didn't want any.

Not wanting to miss anything we wrote to Mr. Paul Carter, a prohibition worker in Rochester, and got a pin of our own and a pamphlet telling us how to use it. The cover of the pamphlet just said *NO! A-B-C*, which made us look inside. *Will You Say NO! to Alcohol—Beer—Cocktails?*, it asked. Another page was all plastered with NO, and gave us some recipes:

Formula A:

Alcohol + Man = Depression

Formula B:

A + H<sub>2</sub>O + Etc. = Beer

Formula C:

A + H<sub>2</sub>O + Etc. + Etc. = Cocktail

We tried B and C, and they actually work.

Mr. Carter's organization offers a prize of ten feet of pennies to the person who distributes the greatest num-

Red Square DESPITE RUMORS in Communist circles to the effect that Rockefeller City has been chosen as the site of the American Kremlin, New York's Union Square remains the national headquarters of the Reds.

Scattered knots of people gather there, day and night, to listen to violent arguments about Communism, unharassed by police regulations and censorship. The harangues are well planned. A trusted speaker starts a discussion with his Stooze, the talking grows in heat and loudness, a crowd gathers, the Stooze brings up his Capitalistic arguments [which are promptly knocked down] and the Stooze is





"I'm one of those guys who worry inside."

ber of NO pins, but doesn't say whether it's a stack of pennies ten feet high, or a row ten feet long. It makes a difference to us, though. In his letter, Mr. Carter asked us if we'd like to become a dstrbtr of NO pins. We said No.

**Bluff** BY MEANS of what Mr. Arthur Friedman, of Racine, Wis., calls Debtor's Process, a merchant can get enough letters to heckle 200 dbtrs for \$18. Mr. Friedman states that his Dbtr's Process is a truly psychological instrument that baffles and confuses the dbtr, who is left in the air as to just what will happen next; so the whole thing is nothing more than a bluff.

But it's a good show while it lasts. In Act I the dbtr receives three letters from the creditor, who hopes *not to be obliged to send in an adverse report to the Debtor's Rating Bureau*. In Act II the obstinate dbtr gets letters printed on the stationery of the Bureau itself [secretly mailed by the creditor] saying that the Bureau will be obliged to institute proceedings against him. It's very simple for the creditor: the letters require only the filling in of the date, the name and address of the customer, and the salutation. They're already signed by the president of the Debtor's Rating Bureau.

In the last act it gets exciting when the dbtr receives by registered mail an ominous Process Draft that looks pretty legal and scares the liver out of him. This is the last straw, and the harried dbtr either puts it in the wastebasket or flees. If he flees it's only because he doesn't realize that the whole thing is hokum. They're just trying to baffle and confuse him.

**Particulars** A COMPANY up in Toronto has things figured out this way: the first thing a person does when he gets a salary cut is look around for a way to make up for it. Offer a way and you cash in. So the company dangles this bait before the public in several national magazines:

#### EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make a good weekly income in spare time at home coloring photographs by our new Photo-Color process. We instruct you and supply work through our employment service. Write for particulars and Free Book today. The IRVING-VANCE Co., Toronto.

And what alluring particulars! They *guarantee unlimited money-making opportunities to men and women everywhere . . . How much do you want?* All you have to do is pass a simple, short course of instruction which costs only \$35—and up. Passing the course is easy. The prtclrs assure prospective students that no experience is needed. No knowledge of drawing is necessary. No knowledge of colors is necessary. You might almost say that no knowldg of any kind is necessary.

There's another set of prtclrs the Irving-Vance outfit was foolish enough to turn over to the Better Business Bureau. Out of every 422 who enroll, only 22 graduate . . . Between early 1930 and late 1932, some 10,370 Students paid \$393,133 in tuitions . . . During the same period of *unlimited money-making opportunities* \$55,120 were paid out in Earnings . . . Leaving \$338,013 for the firm.

Twelve men earning \$50 a week could have done all the work it has ever paid for, yet the company continues to advertise for more students.

There's no denying that the Irving-Vance Company has mastered the secret of making money at home.

**Coffee** FOR A DIME you can get all the coffee you want at Childs' [The Nation's Host from Coast to Coast] but you can't get one cup for a nickel. Thus does Big Business uphold the maxim that the first cost is the greatest, and to us the whole system seems cockeyed.

We were sitting in a Childs' place the other noon eating lunch, when in walked a lad clutching a nickel he had begged for a cup of coffee. Noticing that coffee was a dime the beggar was about to leave when a Samaritan [who was finishing his third cup of coffee] came to the rescue with an extra nickel. A few minutes later the good Smrtn left, aglow with his coffee and the feeling that he had helped a fellow man, but he forgot to leave a tip for his waitress—so in reality the wtrss paid for the vagrant's coffee. All because coffee isn't a nickel, which would be plenty.

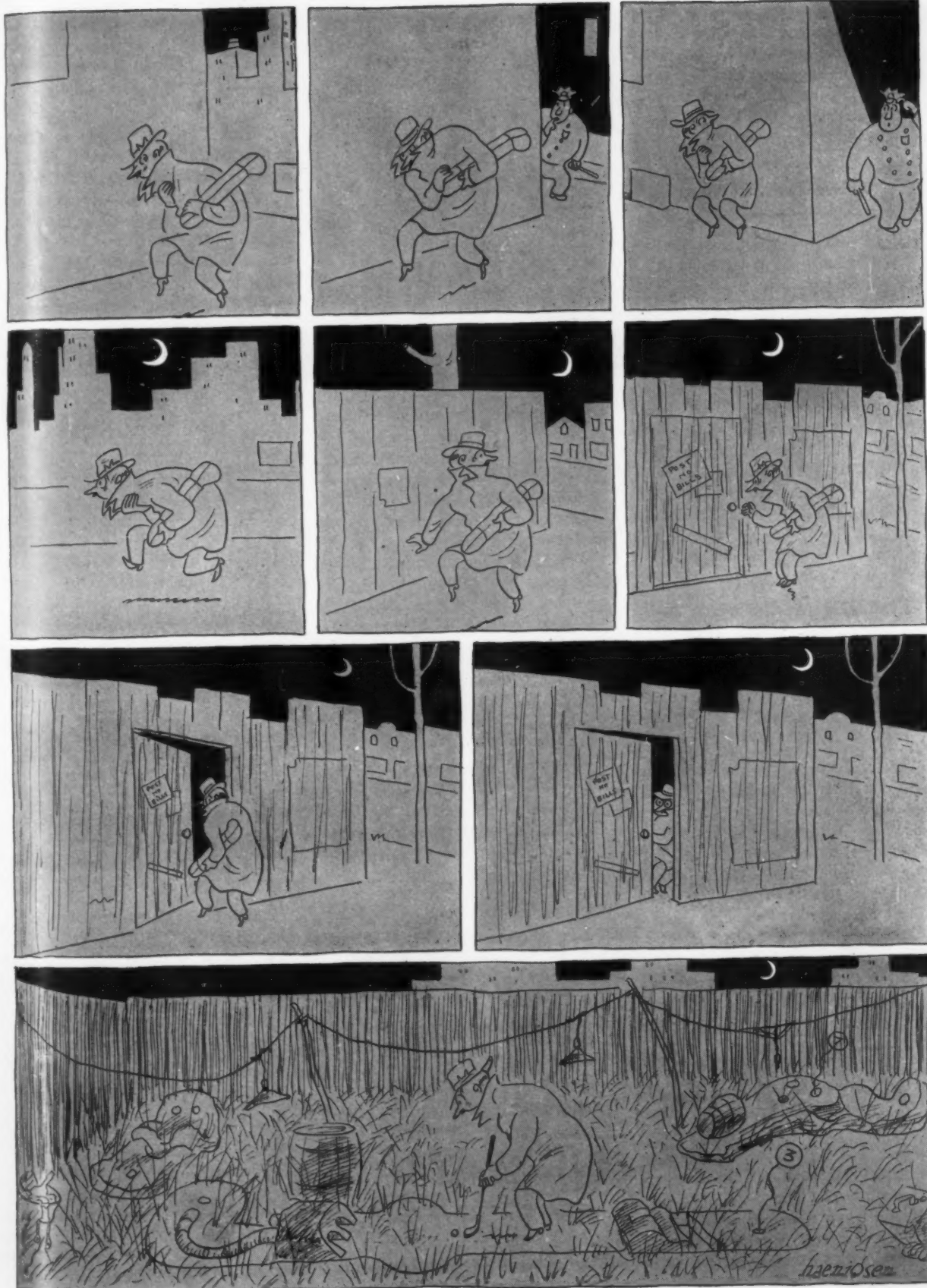
For the best coffee and unlimited refills the Jewish cafeterias in Washington Heights are to be commended—but what panhandler will walk five miles to get seven cups of coffee for his nickel?

#### ENTERTAINMENT

**Goodbye** NOT LONG AGO the  
**Good Night** National Broadcasting Company advised that their non-performing announcers



"Hey, lady, pull over to the curb!"





would no longer end programs by saying *Goodnight*; this is *So-and-So* announcing. The reason was this: so many listeners were captivated by the velvety adieu of the announcer that they wrote more fan mail to him than they did to the artists in the broadcast. You can imagine what happened. It did.

### UNTRAMMELED PRESS

*Similar* NOTHING can stump the newspaper boys. Some time ago the news flash came that the Japs were marching into Jehol [we still pronounce it Jay-hole in spite of everybody] and several New York and Chicago nwspprs decided to run pictures of the invasion whether they had them or not. Japs are always marching into somewhere or occupying something, and there is an abundance of Japs-Marching pictures in every newspaper *morgue*, so the answer was simple. Our favorite paper, the *World-Telegram*, for instance, published two of their old Japs-Marching pictures over the following captions:

#### AS THE JAPANESE PRESS ADVANCE INTO JEHOL

*Scenes like this are being enacted in  
Jehol . . .*

and

*. . . Cable dispatches describe the  
march as identical with the above . . .*

We condone such ingenuity, but why not carry the idea to its logical conclusion? Suppose a man got shot, Mr. Newspaper, and you haven't got a picture of him. Well, run a picture of any man and label it *An animal of this same species was shot*. You could have stock pictures of a man, a woman, a horse, a dog, a cow, a baby, anything. Then when something happens, publish the picture that fits the case and point out the fact that it's similar. No charge.

**Puff** WE DIDN'T KNOW, until we ran across Mr. James P. Wilson, that flattery can be turned into a commodity and sold for cash over the counter. Mr. Wilson runs a publication which he happens to call the *American Business Survey*. The title doesn't make much difference as long as it sounds impressive over the phone; a score of similar magazines are operating under titles that come as close as possible to



"By the way, Mother, where are you living now?"

such legitimate publications as *Commerce* and *Nation's Business*.

You can't buy a single copy of Mr. Wilson's magazine. It appears spasmodically, it isn't on the newsstands, it has no regular subscribers, and no advertisers—but it flourishes.

We trotted down to the Flatiron bldg to see Mr. Wilson about it. As usual, we were after a job. In his own telegraphic style Mr. Wlsn told us how the thing works.

*This is a puff sheet . . . a puff is a flattering article . . . I get the dope on some guy, give it to a writer to pad up and make look important as hell . . . then I call up the guy, tell him it's the American Business Survey . . . I read him the puff, say we're going to press any minute . . . he thinks it's swell . . . I*



"I never knew your father very well;  
I met him at a baseball game."

*say how about buying a couple hundred copies for his friends, at 35 bucks a hundred . . . when we sell enough puffs to make it worthwhile to put out an issue, we put out an issue. See?*

We asked Mr. Wilson how members of the editorial staff were paid and found it was a commission deal. If we wrote 60 puffs a week and 10 of the puffees bought 100 copies each, we'd get \$35. We murmured something about thinking it over, Mr. Wilson. On the way out we noticed half a dozen young men in a small room grinding out puffs, and two men glibly spouting away at telephones selling puffs. We dropped the idea—puff!—like that.

### GREAT MINDS

"I believe my best course henceforth is to shut up."

—George Bernard Shaw

"We are not on the verge of the brink."

—John P. O'Brien

"You'll never catch me in pants."

—Mae West

"I am one ninety-sixth of the Senate."

—Huey P. Long

"In three years the theatre will be the most brilliant thing in America."

—George Jean Nathan

"The W. C. T. U. hasn't changed its mind a bit."

—Mrs. Ella A. Boole

"The politicians like the professors."

—Prof. Raymond C. Moley

"Taxation at its best is a burden."

—James A. Farley

"The pictures are a swell racket."

—Tallulah Bankhead

"Humor is a profession like law, medicine, engineering and poetry."

—Ed Wynn



"If that's a sewer, the church is going to be out an organ pumper!"



*"Well, one 'O' is for On, and the other is for Off."*

## TIME MARCHES ON!

An alarm clock that makes tea before rousing its possessor has been patented in England.

—News Item

**CUSTOMER:** I'd like to see something in an alarm clock.

CLERK: Here's a little number that will brew a cup of tea in the morning before rousing its possessor.

CUSTOMER: Will it drink the tea after it has brewed it? That's more to the point.

CLERK: Hardly. This is a little more expensive model. It will mix a whiskey and soda and dissolve two aspirin tablets in a glass of lukewarm water before rousing its possessor.

CUSTOMER: Now we're getting somewhere.

CLERK: How about this one? The Little Handy Helper. It will fetch your wife a glass of water in the middle of the night.

**CUSTOMER:** Will it go downstairs to see if the cellar door is locked or go in and shut off a dripping faucet?

CLERK: You can get an attachment.

CUSTOMER: I'll tell you frankly what I've got in mind. I want something with a luminous dial and filagreed

hands that will put down the window, start the furnace, serve breakfast—half a grapefruit, some sort of cereal, Melba toast with marmalade and coffee without sugar or cream—and take in the morning paper, folded over to the sporting section.

CLERK: What you want is something in a grandfather clock.

**CUSTOMER:** Possibly.

CLERK: I've got just the thing. This will not only do all the things you enumerated but will also set out your slippers, dressing gown and favorite pipe in the evening, serve a discreet, intimate dinner for two before the crackling log fire in your private apartment and will notify all visitors that you have gone out of town over the weekend.

CUSTOMER: I'll take it. I'll start divorce proceedings against my wife tomorrow. I'll have no further need of her.

CLERK: And now, how about something that will give you the correct time whenever you want it?

—Doug Welch

## Life Lines

WE don't mind radio executives insisting that their programs be constructed for twelve-year-old minds. What we object to is having the programs carried out by eight-year-old minds.

We threw a weekend party for some of our wife's relatives a couple of weeks ago and they're sure having a swell time.

Marlene Dietrich may have started some women wearing pants, but it was our mother-in-law who first gave our wife the idea of wearing them in our family.

And during the next seven years we'll probably be tormented with newspaper articles telling us that ratification is just around the corner.

"Drop by Moe's again;  
maybe my pants are  
pressed by now."





## THE NATIONAL CALAMITY

As The Press Agent Reported It:

**O**PALINE ORVILLE, beautiful blonde star of Fatuous Features Productions, narrowly escaped serious injury today at the Epstein-Murphy-Goldfarb-De Luxe Studios where Gustaf von der Buschwaugh, famous German director, recently brought by Fatuous Features Productions from Germany, is directing the blonde Miss Orville in her newest starring feature "Purple Nights," which has been adapted for the screen by Sonia Blumberg from the famous novel "Purple Nights" by the famous novelist Ernest Geef.

Work was immediately suspended upon "Purple Nights" and Miss Orville was rushed to the studio hospital for treatment.

Miss Orville pluckily insisted upon returning to work, and after having her ankle heavily bandaged by studio surgeons, resumed her rôle in "Purple Nights," which is being directed by Gustaf von der Buschwaugh, Fatuous Features' new German director, recently arrived from Germany. "Purple Nights" is soon to be released by Fatuous Features Productions by arrangement with the Epstein-Murphy-Goldfarb-De Luxe Corporation.

After The Copy-Reader Finished With It:

### ACTRESS IN ACCIDENT

Opaline Orville, film actress, today was said to have suffered a sprained ankle, it was alleged to have been stated, according to report. Miss Orville was rumored to have returned to work after asserted first-aid treatment at her studio.

And As It Finally Appeared:

### WALES FALLS OFF HORSE

Hollywood, May 1—Opaline Orville, film actress, today was said to have suffered a sprained ankle, it was alleged to have been stated, according to report. Miss Orville was rumored to have returned to work after asserted first-aid treatment at her studio.

—E. B. Crosswhite.



"Oh, go to H!"



## THE BREWERY HORSE

**T**HOUGH the taps are gushing nectar of a kind we knew before,  
Though the foam is on the tankard and the sawdust's on the floor,  
Though the hearty cries of "Prosit" are resounding as of yore  
When our singing came aringing from the swinging little door,  
In the midst of genuflections to His Royal Highness Beer  
Let us pause to shed a gentle and a sentimental tear  
For a friend who has departed, for his beauty and his force—  
For the vigor in the figure of the buxom brewery horse!

There was thunder in his hoof beats; there was lightning in his eye;  
There was grandeur in his gallop as his wagon rumbled by!  
There was music in his neighing; there was power in his legs;  
There were gallons of contentment in the contents of his kegs.  
There was iron in his muscles, there was pride within his soul  
As he spurned his lesser brothers who were hauling ice and coal.  
In the local livery stables he was paragon and peer—  
And he hastened to our tables with the blessed boon of beer!

He is gone but not forgotten. He is gone but lives anew.  
And his brave reflection dances in the bubbles of our brew.  
In some fertile fair Valhalla may he loll and may he graze  
While he ponders his importance in the mellow yesterdays  
When our hands were in the pretzels and our feet were on the rail  
And we toasted Sweetest Adelines with Brown October Ale.  
We have beer to cheer the thirsty, from a steady sudsy source.  
We have everything we used to have—except the brewery horse!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

## 14 POINTS ON 3.2

## The Etiquette and Art of Beer Drinking

By Benjamin DeCasseres

NOW that we have beer again, the etiquette and art of drinking it must be learned all over by many of the Elder Statesmen of the Council of Gambrinus and by all the Nouveau Beer Buddies.

As a man who has drunk every brand of imported and domestic beer when beer was openly arrived at from every kind of stone and glass vessel—steins, tobies, seidels, tumblers, beakers and even, on one occasion, from a soup-tureen—I feel qualified to offer the rules that conscientious beer quaffers should follow:

1. If drinking from a tumbler, grasp it firmly with the thumb and the first three fingers, leaving the little finger dangling free, slightly pointing downward. This is always a sign of sobriety. So long as the little finger dangles, you are sober.

2. If at a bar, retain an upright position. Raise the glass to the lips slowly. Never raise the elbow above the level of the wrist. Never duck the head toward the glass.

3. Drink slowly with eyes rolling as if you were participating in a camp-meeting. Sip slowly about half the contents of the tumbler. Then put back slowly on bar.

4. If you mean to drink more than one glass, sit down. Beer is a food. The longer you sit the more you'll drink. This is patriotic, for the more beer you drink the greater the government and State revenues. This ought to bring you ineffable joy.

5. A seidel is a double beer. On the second seidel nibble (gracefully) a dill pickle, cheese and pretzels. The exact

rules are one cut of cheese, two pretzels and one dill pickle for each seidel.

6. At stag beer-parties the stein should always be used. This is strictly Heidelbergian. Steins should be chilled. The beer itself should never be ice-cold. Grasp the handle of the stein firmly, using all five fingers—as though you had your hand on an income-tax refund. In clinking steins at stag beer-parties clink lightly and simultaneously. All should then drink deeply at once. Lay stein on table with light thud. "Sweet Adeline" may be sung after the fifth stein.

7. While consuming beer in a beer-garden sit jocosely, loosely and fatly. Always drink from a seidel in these places. On the fourth seidel

it is proper to order a load of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut. On the tenth seidel in a beer garden it is *de rigueur* and *en règle* to bellow *Ach, mein lieber Augustin!* But this is not absolutely necessary.

8. Only morons put salt in their beer. If you must do it, sneak it in. It is the worst show-up possible in the presence of an Elder Beer Drinker.

9. When the bartender asks you to have "one on the house", no gentleman—especially if he wears eyeglasses—will refuse. The correct answer is (airily) "Think I will, Fritz." Never say "Thank you" to him. When drinking with the house you raise your glass politely, look right into the eyes of the bartender and say, "Here she goes!" Never say "Here's to your health!" to a bartender. He may think that *you* think he's too puny to throw you out.

10. A man who lets his beer become flat has committed the grossest breach

of etiquette known to the Friends of Gambrinus. He should be read out of the party.

11. Never blow the foam off. Wait—even if you are croaking with thirst—for it to chortle down a little. Foam-blowers are vulgarians. The proper depth of a suds-collar should be exactly a quarter of an inch on a tumbler and a half an inch on a seidel.

12. The "growler" is an oblong tin-can with a swinging handle. To "rush the growler" is to transport this vessel from your home to the saloon, have the barkeep fill it with beer for ten or fifteen cents and "rush" it back to the home for family or friends' consumption. Some connoisseurs delight in drinking their beer straight out of the growler. This is an acquired art. The trick is to get your whole head in the can without wetting the tip of your nose.

13. In opening bottle beer, let the beer run slowly into the glass or stein; otherwise it will be like some gin-drinkers are the next morning—all head and no drink.

14. Never drink beer on getting out of bed. Afternoon and evening—especially evening—are the times prescribed by the great authorities on beer-guzzling.

If you have a head the morning after a beer-drinking *fiesta* do not blame the beer. Blame yourself—for you have then violated one or all of my fourteen points on the etiquette and art of beer-drinking.



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IMPOSSIBLE MAGAZINE MERGERS: NO. 1

# THE NEW YORKER

and The  
American Boy





## "FRANKLY

I don't smoke anything, but my young brother smokes anything. He is especially fond of Old Golds, Old Camels, Old Chesterfields, Old Luckies, and Old Spuds."

KEPT FRESH BY  
THE O'CELLOPHANE CO., INC.



Are you fed up with the usual run of parties. . . Bored by jig saw puzzles? Then here's a priceless idea. Dash to the nearest sporting goods shop, buy yourself a Giant Telescope, and keep informed. Terse, clear, complete. It's smart to be thrifty. Price Two-fifty.

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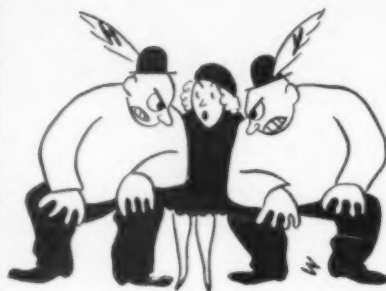


## ZIB-ZIB SHOOTER

It's smart to carry a sling-shot. Be smart; tote a Zib-Zib Shooter. In gay colors at all the smart shooterers.

ZIB-ZIB SHOOT-  
ERY, CHICAGO

## GOINGS ON



[ THIS LISTING COVERS  
THE MONTH OF MAY ]

### EXHIBITIONS

TROOP 13, B.S.A., N.Y.C.—You wouldn't think this would be exciting, but it is. When Tenderfoot Isador Feinstein, Troop cut-up, ties the Scoutmaster in knots, you'll fold up laughing. Better dress. (Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M.)

VALEE JUNIOR BOOSTERS—A group of juvenile delinquents swap anecdotes, none of them particularly amusing. (Any night, under West 57th Street ramp.)

YOUNG TAMMANY BOYS—Charcoal sketches of celebrities: John P. O'Brien, John Curry, James Farley, etc. (Scaffolding, Radio City annex.)

### SPORTS

SANDLOT BASEBALL—The Westside Tigers vs. Murphy's Murderous Nine. The series has been so-so so far, but the free-for-all at the end of the seventh is usually worth an afternoon. (Almost anywhere.)

MUMLEDEY PEG—Golden Knife finals, Madison Square Garden, May 17th. Better dress but not obligatory.

TOPS—Low seventh: City Champs spinning vs. Toronto All-City Preps. For keeps. Winter Garden. (Saturday, 3 P.M.)

MARBLES—Eastside Boys Club vs. Atlantic City All-Stars. Agate finals, glassies, dough babies. (Central Park Casino, Saturday, 2 P.M.)

### ON THE AIR

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Much ado about nothing. (WJZ, 5:45 P.M.)

UNCLE DON—Ask Dad, he knows. (WOR, 6:00 P.M.)

BUCK ROGERS—Diamond Dick rehash. (WEAF, 7:15 P.M.)

Glenn M. Husted left here on Monday to return to Ann Arbor. Owing to the impassable condition of the roads he was obliged to return by mail.—*Chicago Daily Times*.

And wrapped securely, no doubt?

### NEATEST TRICK OF THE RAISED EYEBROW DEPARTMENT

She is organist of the Sewickley Presbyterian church, one of the major positions, and finding a few unoccupied moments left, she also does toe-and-hell work for St. Peter's Lutheran church.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun-Telegraph*.

Ho Hum.

## CAMPS Stamps & Coins

### SMARTNESS

That your personality may have true projection, choose the camp that offers you the ultimate in distinctive smartness. Camp Winnipagimmick, for boys from 10 to 16, is the last word in sophisticated something. Tennis, hiking, pie-eating. Write for brochure.

Camp Winni-Pa-Gimmick, Winnipagimmick, Me.

### Be Smart

It's smart to select a smart camp where smart boys gather. Be a smarty! Come to Camp Winnipagummick, where the *joie de vivre* reigns supreme. Boating, fishing, boating, fishing, and poison ivy. Write for circular.

CAMP WINNI-PA-GUMMICK  
Winnipagummick, N. H.



### SMART!

It's smart to save stamps. Those "in the know" prefer Beagle stamps to all others. Beagle stamps have that indefinable something that stamps the stamp collector with that indefinable something. May we place you on our selected list of approval applicants?

BEAGLE STAMP COMPANY  
Fifth Avenue, New York

### Smartness Counts!

Smart stamps for smart philatelists. Packet of 500, all different, at prices commensurate with today's standards of living. In the smart shades, in all the new flavors. May our representative call?

Motor City Stamp Co., Detroit, Mich.

Caterers to the Philately Trade for More Than  
Half a Century



### SMART!

Modern . . . Dashing . . . Chic . . . What words can describe the indescribable? If you are tired of the commonplace, if you would be different, if you would be daring, select West Coast Stamps. May we send you a mess?

West Coast Stamp Company, San Francisco, Cal.

## COINS

PHONEY COIN COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### Boys! Don't Write — TELEGRAPH!

It's smart to send your own telegrams. Divorce yourself from *hoi polloi*. Purchase a Dot & Dash set and save telegraphic tariffs.



One Dollar  
the set

Dot & Dash Company  
New York





## HIKING AROUND TOWN

### Cat's Paws

WE are continually amazed by the whimsies of taxi drivers. The latest whimsy to capture our somewhat whimsical sense of whimsy occurred last week in the vicinity of East 77th Street. We had been asked to come up there by an old lady who said she had a kitten that had been born with boxing gloves on, and we had jumped into a cab at 45th Street and Fifth Avenue.

Right off, we noticed that the driver was a very young man; couldn't have been more than 15. His name, the license card informed us, was Bobbie. He was a good driver, though, taking us all the way uptown without mishap. He read a book the entire time; never took his eyes off it.

When we pulled up in front of the apartment, Bobbie opened the door for us to get out and then went back again to his book. It was too much for us and we asked him what he was reading.

Bobbie opened a box of Cracker Jack and eyed us moodily. "None of your business, you whimsical punk," he said.

### Baby Ribbon

THE Travelers' Aid people at the Pennsylvania Station were surprised the other afternoon when a young khaki-clad chap approached the desk briskly and requested they keep a box of cigars for him a while. It wasn't this that surprised them—such a thing might even be commonplace—but the small fry took two handfuls of cigars out of the box and jammed them into

his knapsack before he departed.

He had been gone about three days—not such a long time, perhaps—when he came back, asked for the box, removed the rest of the cigars and tossed the box away. The Travelers' Aid couldn't conscientiously let it end that way. They engaged the lad in conversation and finally managed to ask him just what in the world he was doing with the cigars.

"I tie them with baby ribbon," he explained moodily, "then I hang around the brewery horses up at Ruppert's on East 95th Street, and when I get a chance to drop one into a feed bag, I do it." He paused a moment and rolled his eyes impishly. "It makes them sneeze," he said.

### Horse Collars

A LITTLE piece of business took us down to the old Chelsea district the other day and we seized the opportunity of inspecting the Tidd Horse Collar House, on West 24th Street. Mark Tidd, the proprietor, has been saving horse collars since he was fourteen. He's sixteen now, and his collec-

tion of horse collars comprises some four hundred sets which he values at twenty-eight dollars.

We found Mr. Tidd sitting in his shop surrounded by his horse collars. He wasn't doing anything; just sitting. He told us an uncle of his had died two years ago and left him the shop and a collection of three hundred and ninety-eight horse collars.

"With a start like that," he said moodily, "I couldn't lose; so I looked around town and found two more horse collars. Nothing to it."

Once in a great while Mr. Tidd gets a call for a horse collar. Not often, but sometimes. Recently a Mr. Klaver, the stage manager of a Broadway revue, required four horse collars for a sketch in his show. Something about beer, probably. Mr. Klaver rushed madly about searching for the necessary props and was about to give up, when somebody suggested the Tidd Horse Collar House. Mr. Klaver, greatly relieved, taxied down to West 24th Street, but Mr. Tidd had gone away on a vacation and the place was locked up; not even a janitor handy.

The stage manager went back to the theatre and threw out the horse collar act. "I give up," he said moodily.

### Poor Fish

A YOUNG chap with dreamy eyes wandered into Macy's fish department the other day, purchased a pair of guppies, and asked the clerk to send them.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "Where to?"

"Anywhere," answered the Y.C. "I don't like guppies."

—THE EDITORS



"No baseball for you until you eat your spinach!"



SINBAD . . . Queen of the May

## The Letters of a Modern Father

**M**Y Dear Daughter:

Go ahead with your plans for marrying your Naval officer this Spring. It has been your project from the start and I don't want you to begin forming the habit of not finishing things. The way things look now, if you are married at his home, I won't be able to attend the wedding, let alone provide your dress, unless I get my share of the money Roosevelt is going to make for the people out of Muscle Shoals. Perhaps I can get the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to advance me half of it. If it won't do that, I'll ask the R. F. C. to stake me to a rented morning coat and send me to your wedding on a bus.

I note what you say about your young man leaving the Navy and going in for radio writing. I agree with him that radio offers a future but I'd feel easier if you were just gossiping with the other officers' wives at San Pedro while he was up the Yangtze River bombarding Chinese villages.

You see, your brother Sheridan is a radio script writer. He is on the staff of the local station, the Voice of Empire. When a salesman sells some time, Sheridan writes the skit, announces it, acts in it, runs off the phonograph records, and sometimes sings some songs. Under the last equitable reconsideration of salaries he was brought into line at twelve dollars a week.



So don't let your Ensign quit the Navy. Anyhow, one radio announcer in a family is enough.

Your Aunt Hattie is visiting us again. For this reason I would say, send your letters to my office,—if I had an office. But since I closed the brick works and became an insurance counsellor my office is in the side pocket of

*"Going my way?"*

my topcoat. And that's an easy one for a mail hawk like Aunt Hattie. However, she will be leaving soon, as I intend to ask her to lend me her Spanish War pension.

Tell your principal I think it was nice of her to let you finish the year as a guest of the school. However, it was good business, too. She should keep a few lights twinkling on the campus.

We haven't sold our house. The only buyers who offered wanted us to lend them the money.

Your Affectionate Father,  
—McCready Huston.

*"What—you got tonsils, too?"*



### Bitter Patter

**N**EVER have my days been brighter;  
Never once my nights so free;  
Never have I wished so much for  
Some damn man to worry me.

Last night I said I loved you  
Because I felt that way;  
But this is even stranger—  
I feel the same today.

—Evelyn Love Cooper.



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My man, don't you know  
what's legal and what isn't?"



8

"I dunno, lady; I baffent  
seen a paper!"





*"We're lost if we steer by the Great North Bear; steer by the Small South Whoosis!"*



16 YEARS OF  
TOP QUALITY  
WITHOUT A  
SINGLE BREAK

For 16 years the General Tire has stood out among all others as America's Quality Tire. There has never been any compromise with quality regardless of conditions within or without the tire industry. The result has been an uninterrupted development of General's exclusive low pressure design. Today the General Tire rep-

resents outstanding advantages in safety, comfort and mileage. It is blowout proof and skid-safe and offers luxurious comfort for the full period of its famous big mileage. The true value of General's Top Quality has proved to be what people want. The General Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



80% MORE NON-SKID . . . 40% LESS AIR . . . BLOWOUT PROOF

THE *New* **GENERAL** **DUAL BALLOON**

*—goes a long way to make friends*



VOL. 100

*"While There's Life, There's Hope"*

NUMBER 2578

## Pass the Butter!

By E. S. Martin

THE watch word for these times is homely but familiar. It is:

*Please Pass the Butter!*

That is the gist of most of what is going on in exposition and legislation. Butter is nourishing; it is also lubricating. Both nourishment and lubrication are needed in our present world. Anyone who has anything has a choice of what to do with it. He can use it, keep it or share it. If he uses it in buying what he wants or paying wages, that is helpful. If he keeps it, at least he should keep it in a bank and not in a mattress. If he shares it—gives it to others, giving them buying power, employing power and whatever they need, that is probably the best investment of the lot. What is wanted in the world is such a contrivance of affairs that everybody shall make a living, everyone shall have enough, and outside of the routine of work spare time to live.

Instead of which behold what we have—a small portion of the population glutted with unsalable or unusable commodities, a much larger portion supplied with necessities and something over, and armies of the unemployed who do not feel sure of their next meal.

Well, Pass the Butter! Pass the Butter! Where there is a surplus pass it around. Where there is something to share, share it, but beyond that, practice to contrive a better, far better, apparatus of distribution.

That effort is being made by the new administration. Witness the Farm Bill—an animal with horns, quite curious, chewing what to some minds looks to be a cud of bitter fancies. But anyhow the Farm Bill sees an enormous need

and tries to meet it. When the President talks about experimentation, that seems right. We have to bet on some things that are not certainties.

IN our changing world what is going to happen to organization? Organization begins in an effort to create a means to get something



Representatives of England, France and Italy:  
"Confound that boy!"

—Punch (by permission)

done. It tends to end in the support of the machine so contrived becoming the chief end of the contrivance. That shows everywhere—in church, in government, in politics, in banking, in business. You make a great mechanism to do some job and before you know it the mechanism has become hungrier and more important than the job, and you have to feed it.

We have been suffering and are still suffering somewhat from details of organization like the Anti-Saloon League,

the Veterans bloc, the tariff bloc and all those other subdivisions of larceny and tyranny that have bedeviled Congress; all natural products of organization that simply inherit the nature of that beast. Look at Tammany! Tammany began as a means to an end. The end was benevolence and government. It began reputable, patriotic. It fell from grace rather promptly and became selfish and predatory. Tammany's specialty is to govern New York. Why not, if it can? It keeps up a large and expensive organization, run at times with ability—not all bad, not all stupid, but very grabby, and the purpose of Tammany is to share the profits of the Metropolis. That is also the idea of the banks. They have all

been instituted as a means to some praiseworthy aim and many of them have fulfilled their early promise, but lately too many have lived to shear the great sheep with the golden fleece. The bankers are organized and powerful. They make money out of their power, their establishment, their reputation. The stock brokers are established. They have power—some surviving particulars of monopoly. They make money because their services are sometimes profitable and they can charge for them as though they always were. Establishment is profit. It touches all business—not alone the banks and stock brokers but all business. That is what the racketeers see; they see that if they have power they can collect tribute, and, of course, that is what Tammany sees. That is how Tammany sees our city, and really it does not see it so far askew.

But the organization has outgrown the job. Something has got to be done about it; something no doubt will be done about it, but it won't stop there. It will be done about all the other organizations from the churches to the racketeers, including the banks, the stock brokers, the chain stores, the courts, the lawyers, the doctors and all the rest. That or something like it seems to be what lies ahead of us and those who see visions seem to see it and those who dream dreams do not think it is a nightmare. So Pass the Butter!



The Last Review of the Grand Army of Prohibition



## FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

OF course, I realized along with everybody else that for some time now the women have been using the men for a doormat. Gosh, every Sunday paper you pick up has a magazine section full of ravings about how this is a Woman's World, and the men are getting soft. But, personally, I never would have thought of putting my oar in if it hadn't been for what happened at the party last night.

We were all kind of sitting round resting ourselves after the cats, and near me was parked a girl whose boyfriend was hanging adoringly over the arm of her chair while she flirted with somebody else. Every now and then this lad jumped convulsively as though he had been stung by a bee. At last curiosity overcame me, and I moved closer to see what it was all about. Here this girl was sitting there absent-mindedly jabbing the B.F. in the arm with a pin!

"For goodness sakes, Eddie!" I said to him. "Why do you let her keep sticking you with that pin?"

"Oh," he replied, turning on me with eyes full of pain and emotion, "I don't mind, really. I'm so happy she's paying some attention to me!"

Now, I tell you when things come to such a pass that a six-foot bird who rowed on the crew at college puts up with that kind of stuff, somebody should DO something! What in heck is the matter with the boys?

Wives are shooting husbands and getting away with it, merely because hubby pulled boners at bridge. Blondes that tip the scales at ninety with a fur coat on are leading 250 pound tackles around by the nose. And girls who could qualify any day for the All American Dumbbell Team are making monkeys out of Phi Beta men. I'm all for Women's Rights, but this thing is going too far!

So, for the sake of the thousands of innocent lads who are being used as cannon fodder in the Battle of the Sexes, I am writing these words: — Get up off that thar

ground, boys, and fight!

Believe me, if I were a man it would take more than a few pin pricks to satisfy me! Why, I'd make the girls look positively foolish in no time at all! Really, it's perfectly simple.

IN the first place, if I were a man, immediately upon meeting a girl I would study her closely to see which is the best method to make her feel like a worm. Any girl, no matter who, will be as putty in your hands if you start out by giving her a rousing good inferiority complex.

Perhaps all you need to do is dance with her once or twice, occasionally treading on her toes, and murmuring: "My fault!" At the same time, raise the eyebrow in a manner which plainly indicates that what you really meant was: "Your fault!"

Or you might try laughing softly now and then, and when she inquires what you are laughing at, answer: "Oh, nothing." This is particularly successful with a girl who is sensitive about her legs.

Sometimes merely a look will do it. For example, there is a boy I know who has a pan you could scramble an egg on. Honestly, he reminds you of things you dream about after too many Welsh rabbits. But still he has gone and gotten himself engaged to the

most stunning girl you ever saw. She didn't do it out of pity, either.

It is simply because at an early age this boy managed to develop and perfect the most devastatingly cold and critical look in his eye. Like a large and clam-

my fish. When he gazes at you with that eye, starting at your feet and working upwards, you feel exactly as though your stockings are coming down. No matter how well turned out you are, inside of a minute he has you feeling like something out of a rag bag. Naturally, when the right woman came along and he focused that eye on her, she felt so uneasy she knew it must be Love!

I was talking the other day with a lad who panics the ladies, though to look at him you'd never guess why.

"The secret of my success?" he crooned, blowing sophisticated smoke rings at the ceiling, "Well, frankly, I think it's because I'm just doggone contrary! If the girlfriend wants to go to the movies, then I don't want to go to the movies. If she likes to dance, I plead flat feet. If she hates mustaches, then I raise a mustache. So you see," he continued, dumping his cigarette ashes all over my lap, "when I do break down and give her her own way for a change, she is humbly grateful. Which is as should be!"

Of course, at this point I felt like beaming him, as what woman wouldn't when hearing such a disgusting admission. However, I can see that it is really a very good method, and if I were a man I'd try it myself.

Once you have whittled the girl down to her own size by using the above plans of attack, you might vary things by being Boyish once in a



"Well, Baby, how about a few hands of pinochle?"



"It's no use, Ethel; you're a nice little girl but your stocking seams are always crooked!"



MISS MARQUITA NICHOLI

GOWN BY MILGRIM

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JOSEPH A. McDONOUGH  
ADVERTISING MANAGER

# LIFE MAGAZINE, INCORPORATED

60 East 42nd Street

New York City



while. Appeal to the maternal in her. Let her play with your hair. A luxurious head of hair will keep a well trained date amused for hours. And, besides, it is good for the scalp.

**I**T really takes so little to satisfy a woman that I have no patience with these experts who advise men that the way to make a hit with the opposite sex is to spend money on them. After all, why give a girl the opportunity to crack to her friends as she opens your box of flowers: "Well, with a face like his, he'd BETTER send orchids!"

And as for the Cave Man Method which is considered so keen by other experts, I regard that as nothing if not dangerous. I remember one night at a party there was a big football player

present named Bill, with his girlfriend, Gertrude, a small wiry female. About two o'clock he wanted to go home, but she objected. So he said to her: "Baby, if you don't come home with me now, I'm going to carry you out!"

Well, when the smoke cleared away, we all had to get together and carry Bill out. It seems that Gertrude had been studying jiu-jitsu for years, and honestly she didn't do a thing but give him a sprained back and a couple of broken ribs! It was really a very sad case, because up until that point Gertie had thought Bill was a pretty swell fellow. A woman never feels quite the same about a man after she has once tossed him over her shoulder.

So profit by Bill's fatal mistake, boys, and be awfully, awfully cagey. Look menacing, but seldom act it. Nothing

so rattles a girl as to have a man look as though he was going to make a pass at her and then not follow through.

And above all things, once you have her hooked, never let her know what it was about you that attracted her. For as sure as you do she'll try to knock it out of you, regarding it as a weakness.

**I**N closing, let me say that I would do all these things and lots of others if I were a man. I'd always leave the girlfriend evenings before she wanted me to go, and say "Well, I'll be seeing you!" instead of asking for another date.

That I'd never write her a letter unless I was sure about my spelling. And never criticize her lipstick or her hair or her clothes. Just simply tell her she looked swell, and then pop my eyes at all the other girls.

In short, I'd be as unreliable as the weather forecast. For what girl doesn't prefer even a bum-looking man she can't trust to any other one she is sure of?

And, gosh, would I have callouses on my hands from pushing the women away!

#### A Rap for Daylight Saving

**O**NE juicy hour they're nipping away.

And how do I know I'll relish the day  
When clocks turn back to snare it  
again?

How do I know you'll like me then  
As well as you do today, my dear?  
I want no moratoriums here.

This golden hour should be mine to  
hoard.

Who knows—next autumn I may be  
bored!

—Margaret Fishback.





## COURAGE vs. CASH

### A Statement Regarding LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

THE banks re-opened to many a cheering note of the courage and confidence displayed by the American people while temporary reorganization was in progress. There was just a small note of admonition as to the necessity of a continuance of that courage and confidence to speed the full results which more complete banking reform will have on business conditions generally.

Big business, and little business too, will continue to carry on, still very largely on courage, but with more confidence. Some activities, however, will need to convert just a little of the courage and confidence into cash if they are to survive.

In other years we restricted our Summer Camp appeals to the summer months, realizing that however much our readers might condone the frequent use of our printed page for such worthwhile endeavors, it could be overdone.

This year we trade more heavily on your good-will toward this activity, and say quite frankly that we must get an earlier start if we are not to perish in mid-season.

Our entire camp staff has made substantial salary contributions to a considerably lower budget. The one item hopefully maintained at last season's level is the number of children to be cared for.

The need is greater than ever—the funds to carry through less than ever. We have the courage, but we do need cash. Will you give us a start?

#### LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City



# FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES



William Tell had to know his archery to save his boy's skin

Here's the famous close shave that saves your skin

## Shave away, close shavers! But shave this way for speed..smoothness..cool comfort!

HERE'S facts, men! . . . One shave cream leads by an overwhelming majority in a field of 175 competitors! . . . One shave cream makes 86 steady customers out of every 100 men who try it!

Measure up the claims of other preparations alongside these solid facts and figures, and here's your answer . . . Palmolive must do things others don't!

Close shaves . . . quick shaves . . . smooth shaves . . . cool shaves . . . some claim this and some claim that. Palmolive

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claims all-around shaving satisfaction . . . and gives it!

Go ahead! Shave as close as you like with Palmolive! No burn, no sting, no smart. Palmolive's skin-soothing olive oil lather takes all that out. Saves time . . . saves blades . . . saves tender skins.

Try it. 86 in 100 become Palmolive shavers for good. Maybe you'll be one of the other 14. But the odds are 6 to 1 in Palmolive's favor.

**MEN!** Ask your wife to give you the low-down on olive oil as a real skin balm. Nine chances in ten she cares for her skin with Palmolive Soap. What's good for her skin must be good for yours.



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and a can of Palmolive After-Shaving Talc

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(Please print your name and address)

## NO. 2



♠ Q-9-8-3  
 ♥ 7  
 ♦ A-K-10-4-3  
 ♣ K-Q-2

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ 7-5  
 ♥ A-K-Q-J-10  
 ♦ 9  
 ♣ A-10-9-5-3

♠ A-K-J-10-6-4  
 ♥ 5  
 ♦ Q-J-8-7-6  
 ♣ J

of one club. South blustered that he was well aware of the fact that he had a swell heart bid, but he thought it would be good psychology to bid one diamond instead. West said he thought something funny was going on and that he might as well keep the confusion at fever pitch. That's why he bid one heart, on a singleton. North, asked why he bid one spade, said, "Oh, I dunno exactly, except that it seemed I just *bad* to." In extenuation, it should be pointed out that North's mother was a well-known medium, and that the dutiful son has taken up and held high the torch.

On the second bidding round, all the players got down to earth and bid their strong suits, but each such bid, of course, was taken as a forcing bid since each suit had already been mentioned by an adversary. Mr. R. informs me that the atmosphere was very tense as the bidding went upward by leaps and bounds, and that toward the end all the players were glaring at each other instead of looking at their cards, and seemed to be trying to shout each other down. It is not difficult to believe this, and it may explain the curious contract of six spades, doubled and redoubled, which was reached by East and West.

<i>East</i>	<i>South</i>
1 Club	1 Diamond
2 Spades	3 Hearts
5 Diamonds	5 Hearts
6 Spades	Double
Pass	Pass
<i>West</i>	<i>North</i>
1 Heart	1 Spade
4 Diamonds	4 No trump
5 Spades	6 Hearts
Redouble	Pass

East said he knew he had an opening spade bid, damn it, but he wanted to find out first where his partner's strength lay. Hence, his "psychic" bid

**N**EEDLESS to say, the contract was not fulfilled. Getting while the getting was good, South took the first two tricks with his king of hearts and his ace of clubs, setting his opponents one trick, even though East did take all the rest. Had the bidding been done properly, East and West would have secured the contract at four spades, and would have made it with a trick to spare. But then they would probably have gone haywire on the next few hands, so what's the difference? (Next month: Fireworks in diamonds.)



# Even the "50 TIMERS" stare

When the chef unloads his  
luscious cargo

What a smart way to choose your ship for a perfect trip! Follow the "50 Timers," those wise, seasoned travelers who know the ropes, who know "travel"—and have chosen White Star fifty times and more.

Who should know their sea lanes better than these veteran voyagers? They *know* the difference between a meal and a feast, the importance of roomy cabins . . . they *know*—and they've chosen White Star over and over again!

Here are the "50 Timers'" favorites of today: The *Majestic*, world's largest ship; *Olympic*. Also the *Georgic* (new) and *Britannic*, England's largest motor liners, and the well-known *Adriatic*.

For sailings to Ireland, England and France, apply to your local agent, the travel authority in your community.



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## AT THE THEATRE

With Don Herold

*Get Foreclosed and See the World*



turn and spoil everything.

A few more plays like *Three-Cornered Moon* and we'll be actually sorry to see good times back again.

Therein is a picture (at the beginning) of a family which is just a bunch of selfish, bored, neurotic, quarrelsome individualists. One of the brothers says "I hate you all; I'm leaving." To which the sister (Ruth Gordon) replies "As a matter of fact, I'm committing suicide, myself, this afternoon."

Then the darling old depression hits them amidsthips (the funny old mother having lost the family fortune in margin deals), and the family yanks itself together and everything is dandy, just as it is in millions of depression-blessed homes in our land.

Instead of committing suicide, the daughter gets a job at Macy's; the brothers go to work; a boarder is taken; there is a wonderful *esprit de depression*. I wonder if there isn't some way we could impeach Roosevelt and bring back the bad old days so that everybody could enjoy this spiritual stimulation to the full.

It's an awfully good show, I'd say. (Maybe I got off on my *good ear*.) I derive a big thrill out of the wallop Ruth Gordon can put into that jittery, little voice of hers. I feel faltery and quivery like that, myself, much of the time, but maybe I too may wow 'em someday. Cissie Loftus (nice Cissie) is a circus as the dazed mother who is always about two hops and a jump behind her wild brood.

THERE is always something morgue-y to me in a Wednesday matinee. I'm usually one of three males in a house full of old ladies, from whom I expect a covey of moths to flutter at any moment. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if, some Winter Wed-

nesday afternoon, I'm caught in a big theatre fire, caused by spontaneous combustion of the long underwear in the house.

Another play in which the depression eventually spreads its blessings is *The Party's Over*, in which we find the whole Blakely family taking a Louisiana hayride (in New York, however) on the broad shoulders of big brother Bruce.

A good big Flit gun full of poison gas is really what they need at the start, but the author spares them this and saves himself a play.

The wise-cracking sister, Phyllis, is brimful of biology and nothing else but, and is bound to have her hugs and



*Spiritual exaltation of two persons who were hit by the depression.*

snuggles even if she has to marry an unemployed radio crooner and bring him home to board on brother Bruce. The younger brother, Clay, arrives with a waitress from New Haven, verging on a blessed event. (According to most plays and books, a waitress goes with every diploma at Yale.) The father is a useless old carp who sits around the house waiting for the evening paper, and the mother is too busy with the Daughters of the American Revolution to pay much attention to her own daughter. The puzzle is, how anybody as worthy as Bruce could come from such a set of no-goods.

Then, enter our old friend, hard times. Bruce's business flops, and the family hayride is over. The audience

gets a big kick out of the spill—as ukuleles and bridge cards fly this way and that.

Of course, Bruce has his girl, too. Katharine Alexander plays this more or less absentee heroine. (She's in Paris most of the evening, getting a divorce so she can marry our man.) It seems hardly worth while for so good an actress to come down town for so scant a part; she might almost phone it.

The rest of the cast is corking, however, and takes good care of things in her absence.

NOW, let's see what else. On the whole, it has been a pretty dull Broadway since my last picture postcard, what with the currency coma and the wage argument with stage hands. I almost had to break my record of being the only man in America who has never tried a jig-saw puzzle.

There was a dog fight at a Hunnert and Toid street and Broadway, and a fellow got a cinder in his eye in Bryant Park. Otherwise, the drama languished terribly.

In an era in which life is just a bowl of foreclosures for many of us, the aches and pains of *The Cherry Orchard* don't quite click as they are supposed to. In these days our sympathies are apt to be with the poor devil who gets the old homestead, rather than with the lucky devils who lose it. Get foreclosed and see the world, is the way we view it, nowadays.

This play was a hummer in its day, and is undoubtedly one that everybody ought to see. In Eva Le Gallienne's excellent production, it is hard to say just where the *ought* leaves off and the fun starts. Many parts of it, especially when Nazimova is on stage, are as thrilling as a trapeze act in a circus, but long stretches are just a cultural chore, something you should probably do, so that in case your grandchildren climb on your knee and ask you if you saw *The Cherry Orchard*, you won't have to bow your head in a shameful negative.

*The Cherry Orchard* is a grand old museum piece, withal, and if I



Don't be  
Katharine  
Cornell!



Maybe dramas teach us to be dramatic—  
which we oughtn't.

hadn't been out four nights in succession, perhaps I wouldn't have yawned those six yawns. Still, I must yawn if a yawn comes; I must be as true to my readers who have been out four nights in succession as I am to those who come to the theatre fresh as a daisy and full of strong coffee. I must be the average, mine-run theatregoer. If a press agent gives me a seat in "W," I must hand in a "W" criticism, because a great many theatregoers, after all, have to sit in "W," or worse. Dramatic critics should be shuffled in with the audience like deuces in a deck of cards, not invariably plunked down within four or five rows of the glamor of the footlights.

And after a Russian misery show like *The Cherry Orchard*, I sometimes wonder if we ought to go to dramas, in the first place. Maybe they teach us to be dramatic . . . and if there is anything that we oughtn't to be, it's that. A lot of drama in the home is the result of an overdose of Garbo, Cornell, et al.

The cast of *The Cherry Orchard* reads like a shelf in the bathroom medicine chest: *Lopabin* (a laxative?), *Epibodov* (a nasal spray?), *Varya* (for eczema?), *Ivanovna* (a tooth-paste?), *Yasba* (a gargle?).

I'VE always wanted a play with no love interest. (Gosh, there are a lot of things in this world besides love: stamp collecting, mountain climbing, paleontology, bird lore, zither-playing and inland canal transportation, for instance.)

I almost got my wish in *Both Your Houses*. There is hardly a woman in the cast.

This play came out at the one moment in history when Congress was

behaving half-way sensibly under Roosevelt hypnotism, and the insults to that august body seemed a trifle ill-timed. I said to a number of people that if the show could last for about three weeks, Congress would be back to normal stupidity and the insults would again be perfectly appropriate, and I think you'll agree, by now, that I was right.

One trouble with *Both Your Houses* is, Walter C. Kelly makes old Solomon Fitzmaurice such a charming old scoundrel that we almost side with him rather than with virtue, as personified by young Alan McLean. Sol is perfectly open and frank about his grafting; believes graft to be the backbone of prosperity. He's a little too convincing for the comfort of those of us who have always hoped that Congress might someday become as white as a lily.

I'm not sure which of those two secretaries was supposed to be Alan's sweetheart—that's how hot the love interest is in *this* play.

I was right: *Music in the Air* is fine. You see, I didn't see it the first run, and I had to guess some in my previous review, basing my opinion on that of all New York critics. They said it was great. I said maybe it was. All of us were right. (I've just been to the reopening.)

I planned not to like it. It's about musicians, and it has flower pots in the windows and Alps in the background, and music, music, music. But I just couldn't help loving it (and tall, strong, gorgeous Natalie Hall with that marvelous voice).

(Row "N" speaking.) I got real spinal electricity out of the whole thing.

Al Shean was such a cute little old codger that Mrs. Herold wanted to bring him home with us for a house pet, and I said all right, if Natalie Hall could come too.

I wonder if they have an understudy for that bubble in that bubble dance in the first act.

### Great Minds At Work

"You mustn't ask the people of the United States to live up to my standard."

—G. B. Shaw.

"Not even 3.2 per cent beer must touch our lips."

—Mrs. Ella Boole.



AH! . . . what chef-like flavor A. 1. Sauce sprinkles on roasts, beans, and cheese dishes. How magically it seasons soups, fish, casseroles. For A. 1. is a multi-mingled flavor—twenty delicious ingredients and spices blended to perform taste miracles on the foods you eat. A. 1. Sauce is sold by all grocers and delicatessens—ask for it in restaurants, too. Recipes with every bottle.

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Special offer—Full-size 50c bottle for 25c (stamps or coin.) Address: Box 44, L-5, Baltimore, Md.

**Abbott's**  
BITTERS



## • THE • COLLEGE PARADE



"SO you went to Notre Dame, eh?"  
"Yeah."

"You played football, eh?"

"Naw."

"Oh, you played in the band, eh?"

"Naw."

"The hell you went to Notre Dame!"

—Panther.

### Proverbs Revised

For the College Man: "The early class gets the bird."  
—Ski-U-Mab.

Son: What's a genius, pop?

Pop: A genius, son, is a man who can rewrite a traveling salesman's joke and get it accepted by the Ladies' Home Journal.  
—Lafayette Lyre.

### This Month's Short Story

Two hearts

One diamond

Seven no trump

One club

Two spades and a pine box.

—Ohio Sun Dial.

"Are you out of a job, too?"

"You bet—I'm living from hand-out to mouth."  
—Penn State Froth.

He knocked at the door of my room.  
"May I come in?" he said. "It's the room I had when I went to college in '09."

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie, "same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"

—Kitty-Kat.

"Where's your little brother?"

"Oh, he's in the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

—Phoenix.

"Gee, I made a terrible blunder at dinner last night!"

"What happened?"

"Mother asked me if I wouldn't have some corn, and I passed my glass."

—Ohio Green Goat.

### Presto!

"Boy, oh, boy! That was some blonde with you last night. Where did you get her?"

"Dunno. I just opened my billfold and there she was."  
—Punch Bowl.

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the Negro as he left the house.  
—Log.

We hope our professors will follow the example of the great eastern professor who wrote on the board, as a final examination question, "Do the thing which will please me the most," and gave a straight "A" to those students who got up and walked out of the room.  
—Purple Parrot.

An authority says Tin Pan Alley turns out 25,000 different popular songs every year. Different? Popular? Songs?  
—Phoenix.

Prisoner (to mate)—"I asked the warden for a radio in our cell tonight. Lucky Strike is broadcasting our stick-up."  
—Log.

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it in a cabin quite old and medieval. A rounder espied her and plied her with cider. And now she's the forest's prime evil.  
—Lyre.

He leaped gayly up the front steps, flowers under one arm, box of candy under the other. At the door he was confronted by her little brother.

"Hi, Johnnie!"

"Hi!"

"Sister expecting me?"

"Yeah!"

"How do you know?"

"She's gone out."  
—Punch Bowl.



"Attention, squad cars! Grab suspicious-looking pair loitering at Fourth and Pine!"  
—Oklahoma Oaf.



# She Compromise?

**..NEVER!**

**Nor did she need to**

● Among the three million users of Listerine Tooth Paste are thousands upon thousands of women of this type—well educated, well informed, critical of values, and with ample means to fulfill their wants. Such women would never compromise with quality for the mere sake of economy. Clearly, their rejection of older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste was based, not upon the latter's price, but upon the brilliant and satisfying results it gave them.

If you have not tried this remarkable new dentifrice, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now. Buy a tube. Try it for a week or more and then note the improvement in your teeth.

See how clean they are—how clean they feel, both in front and in back.

Note the absence of repellent tartar and the unsightly stains of food and tobacco.

Observe the flash and brilliance that this tooth paste gives to teeth.

They are due to those swift-acting, fine-textured, cleansing and polishing agents that make Listerine Tooth Paste outstanding.

Look for the delightful feeling of freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this paste—the taste you associate with Listerine itself. And of course you know it makes your breath sweeter.

In case you're interested, the price of 25¢ saves you about \$3.00 a year over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class. Not a staggering sum, but a welcome one in these times. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



**LISTERINE**  
**TOOTH**  
**PASTE** 25¢



... it makes the breath sweeter

**At Last! Bristles can't come out!**  
**PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC Tooth Brush**  
with **PERMA-GRIP** (U.S. PAT. NO. 1,472,165)

## THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



THE films of the past month present a problem compared with the month before. In the March issue of LIFE my biggest worry was a report on "King Kong"—and the only problem involved was to determine whether old Kong was operated by springs or mirrors. Then the movies went serious in a big way, leaving me to dip, delve and rummage about in such delicate stuff as crime, domestic relations, religion and politics. (What—no sex?)

First consider the highly regarded and much discussed German film, with the tricky and intriguing title, "M". And please be assured that my opinion has nothing to do with the fact that the picture comes from the land of the Nazis.

The "M" stands for "murder", and the picture deals with the detection, apprehension and punishment of a child murderer. Before the film appeared in this country, two movie directors told me what a swell production it is . . . and so it is . . . for movie directors. I mean to say that Fritz Lang has assembled a cast of excellent actors who are perfect types for the characters they portray—the story is told with fine imagination—and the camera work is impressive. But when you're all through, what have you got? A morbid, unpleasant account of a pathological criminal who murders little girls because he can't help it.

Again to give credit, the picture succeeds in almost everything it attempts. The exhaustive methods of crime detection used by the Berlin police are convincingly portrayed; the identity of the murderer and the indications of his guilt are deftly established; and the capture of the murderer by other criminals (in order to protect themselves from the stigma of his gruesome habit) is a capable bit of showmanship. But then the film reaches a dead

end. It has not succeeded in creating a single character who merits sympathy, and when, in the last scenes, it attempts to present arguments for and against the pathological type of criminal, it over-reaches its climax.

Several highly regarded critics have said that the murderer *does* merit sympathy, despite his crimes. I thoroughly disagree. His only plea is mental illness—an excuse for perversion that would not cause any jury in the world to spare his neck. Events of the past few weeks have proved this.



"Could you go for Mae West, Honey?"

Furthermore, the dialog is entirely in German, with English sub-titles which are too infrequent to follow the action in detail.

...

"SECRETS" represents the domestic relations angle. And it can be reviewed briefly. It is by far the best talkie Mary Pickford has made. Excellent support by Leslie Howard. Brilliant direction by Frank Borzage. Don't miss it. (And Mary. The "badly dressed young man" gag is good, but why not credit the author, Ethel Barry-

more? Just to let you know I keep up with the Hollywood parlor stories.)

...

THE delicate and highly controversial subject of religion is brought to the screen through the medium of "The White Sister". This venerable relic was salvaged from its shroud of lavender and old moth balls by the hurried and harried scenario hunters of good old Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and modernized with adroit injections of gay banter and hi-de-ho by that affable film doctor, Donald Ogden Stewart. The original story was written by F. Marion Crawford, in 1901. Which will give you an idea of the tinkering Don had to do.

The piece is graced by the presence of Helen Hayes and Clark Gable. Harking back a number of years, you may recall that Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman played it as a silent film—and a swell job it was, too. But their task was much simpler than that of Helen and Clark. Here's why:

A girl, who believes her lover has been killed in the war, takes the veil and becomes a nun. He has only been wounded, and after recovering and escaping from a prison camp, he returns to claim his sweetheart. When he learns that she has become a nun, he tries to persuade her to break her vows because of their love—which brings us to the renunciation scene, the climax of the film. It was one thing for Lillian and Ronald to do this scene in pantomime; it is something else again when Helen and Clark must speak words to express the intricate and idealistic sentiments involved. Five different writers were called in to take a shot at this bit of dialog, and none of them could do a satisfactory job. They tried all the words, but there just aren't any that would work.

The silent version of "The White Sister" was a powerful emotional agent because the people in those days took their religion more seriously than they do today . . . and unless you can be honestly moved by the spectacle of a girl sacrificing a deep, passionate love on the altar of the Church, the picture will probably disappoint you.

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE" presents the political issue. Briefly, the story concerns a typical "party" politician who is elected President of the United States. Shortly after taking office he suffers a physical injury from which doctors say he cannot recover; but he does recover, miraculously, experiences a complete change of character, and administers justice so honestly that he makes short (unbelievably so) work of solving unemployment, prohibition, gangsters and war debts. The inference is that he was saved from death by the intervention of God, and then went on to perform his duties as President under Divine Guidance. Hence "Gabriel Over The White House."

The cast is excellent, with Walter Huston giving a distinguished performance as the president.

The expediency with which Mr. Huston settles intricate foreign and domestic matters has drawn the fire of another (Ahem!) important editorial mind—Mr. Walter Lippmann of the New York *Herald Tribune*, no less. Mr. Lippmann is visibly upset by the way this imaginary President orders diplomats and gangsters about. It isn't cricket, he says, and in his message to Hollywood he decries their innocent disrespect for conferences, and committees, and commissions, and congress. You simply can't throw all this red tape out of the window as though it were so much red tape. Mr. Lippmann goes further to say that he thinks Hollywood's screen lovers may be a bit muscle bound between the ears, but they know their business much better than Hollywood's politicians. But, Mr. Lippmann, think of the simplicity of sex compared with the budget—or Huey Long.

Of course Mr. Lippmann is technically right. This film is full of jingoistic showmanship to arouse the emotions of susceptible movie fans and fatten the boxoffice. However, it at least provides something we all need—a patriotic massage—and I don't mean message.

#### Revuettes

(Pictures marked [x] not suitable for children.)

#### "CHRISTOPHER STRONG" (R.K.O.) (X)

**Cast.** Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, Billie Burke.

**Comment.** In her first starring vehicle Miss Hepburn lives up to the high expectations of her critics with a brilliant individual performance — despite

"I'll call you up!"



A HUSBAND bids his wife good-bye as he leaves in the morning. "I'll call you up," he says reassuringly. A guest leaves after a pleasant week-end. "I'll call you up," she tells her hostess. An executive sits at his desk. "I'll call you up," he answers many times in the course of a busy day.

"I'll call you up" is a phrase that has become part of our language and part of our modern security. It is a phrase of confidence and a phrase of friendship. Implied in it is a nearness to everything and everybody.

The familiar gesture of lifting the telephone receiver holds boundless possibilities. It may avert a danger, end an anxiety, insure an order. Or it may be for some trivial pleasant purpose—a jest to be shared, a greeting to be spoken.

Over the telephone speed the thoughts and ideas that change destiny, bring new hope to the wondering and greater achievement to the ambitious.

Think what this world would be like if you could not telephone so easily to so many people. No friend or place is far away when you can say—"I'll call you up."



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

an uneven story. Mr. Clive offers fine support, and Miss Burke's work improves. **Decision.** Yes.

#### "42ND STREET" (Warner Brothers)

**Cast.** Warner Baxter, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Una Merkel, George Stone.

**Comment.** Highly entertaining story of backstage musical comedy life. Ruby Keeler, who is Al Jolson's wife, offers a wide-eyed, naïve performance which assures further rôles which demand the appearance of innocence. There are so few gals for these exacting character parts. Cameraman Sol Polito offers ingenious shots of Busby Berkeley's excellent

dance routines, and several tunes are catchy. There's one risqué laugh. A man emerges from a door saying to a girl, "... so the other fellow says, 'Well what do you think I've got down here—a duck?'" (Tch-Tch!)

**Decision.** Yes.

#### FAIRLY ENTERTAINING:

*After The Ball* (X), *Fast Workers* (X), *Strictly Personal*, *From Hell To Heaven*, *Pick Up* (X), *A Lady's Profession* (X), *Pleasure Cruise*.

#### BUT DON'T SEE:

*Clear All Wires*, *There Goes The Bride*, *Girl Missing*, *Daring Daughters*, *West Of Singapore*, *Love in Morocco*, *Sweepings*.






## QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

### Prize Winners

 **DEAR PROF:** Did you ever see a kitchen calendar that didn't have the month of January on top throughout the year?—John Koehl, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear John: Yes; in Cumberland, Md., last year, a coal company sent a Miss Vere Hobart a calendar entitled "Hiawatha Crossing the Delaware" in four colors, and Miss Hobart hung it up in the kitchen near the stove. On January 15th the oven exploded and blew off the month of January and the lower half of February, and during the following month Miss Hobart's cook scribbled shopping lists all over March and April, which were eventually torn off and thrown away. The May, June and July pages were used to wrap up a bunch of celery, and in July the cook ripped off the balance of the sheets in a rage when the butler made a jig saw puzzle out of Hiawatha. There is nothing on record that parallels this remarkable case.

**Dear Prof:** Do you know of anyone who ever completed a correspondence course?—R. A. Johnson, Worcester, Mass.

Dear Johnson: Mr. Dick Grussendorf, of Langley Field, Va., once sent for a course in piano-playing and quickly completed 20 of the 25 advertised lessons. When he asked for the last five lessons, the school wrote an apologetic letter saying no one had ever before reached even lesson 20 and that actually the last five lessons had never been prepared. Mr. Grussendorf obtained a refund but it didn't help matters any. He can play only four-fifths of every tune and when he goes on parties he has to take along a stooge to pour drinks down his neck or kick over the piano stool at the psychological moment.

**Dear Prof:** Has any five-and-ten-cent store package stayed wrapped until the purchaser got it home?—Ben Boyd, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Dear Ben: No. In fact, Mr. Park Chamberlain, of New Haven, Conn., conducted a year of research on this question, during which time he visited more than three thousand 5 & 10s making purchases and gathering data

which he recorded in a book, "Tearable Packages" (McNiff, \$2). Following is the history of three of his items:

1. Philadelphia; frying pan. Handle tore through paper and poked eye of fellow passenger on subway.
2. Detroit; jelly beans. Leaked out through hole in bag leaving trail 8 1/2 blocks long.
3. St. Louis; rubber rat with whistle in stomach. String came off package outside store, rat bounced on pavement, and two women pedestrians fainted.

**DEAR PROF:** Couldn't a race horse run just as well if his name made sense?—Merlin Dunn, Marshfield, Wis.

Dear Merlin: It would be contrary to all tradition to name a race horse Charlie, Major, or Dobbin, and they only get huffy if this precedent is broken. At Havre de Grasse, in 1928, a very fine horse named Chilblains was rechristened Harry, and he lost every race that season. The following year his name was again changed to Ashtray and he won \$67,000. If you own a race

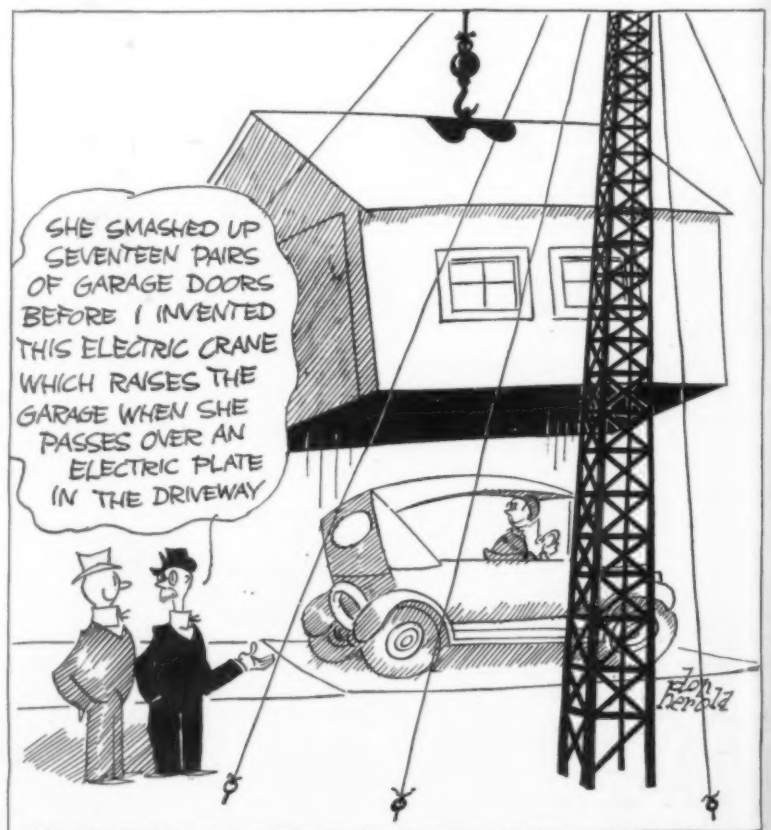
horse, don't take any chances; call him Soap Suds and clean up.

**Dear Prof:** Did anyone ever work a jig saw puzzle without saying, "There must be a piece missing."?—C. A. Kraatz, Lakewood, Ohio.\*

Dear Kraatz: Believe it or not—yes! Mr. John S. Marshall, of Cambridge, Mass., once spent 15 consecutive hours doing an 800-piece crossword—pardon!—jig saw puzzle and during the whole time he never even mentioned missing pieces. He spoke only once, in fact; that was when his room-mate leaned over his shoulder and told him the piece that looked like a duck fitted up in the corner. "Pipe down!" Marshall said. When he finished the puzzle, there were three pieces left over.

\*Mr. Kraatz was the first of 25 Queerrespondents who submitted this question.

**BE** a Queerrespondent! This department will pay \$5 each for accepted questions. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. Send in your questions now!



Don Herold's answer to the question, "Did any wife ever put the car away without sooner or later ripping off the garage doors?"

# FLORIDA

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**SPRING and SUMMER**

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JACKSONVILLE

HOTEL MAYFLOWER  
JACKSONVILLE

HOTEL FLORIDAN  
TAMPA

HOTEL TAMPA TERRACE  
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and \$ **2.50** up



**FLORIDA-COLLIER COAST AND ASSOCIATED HOTELS**

## THE WOMAN'S SLANT



### Scented Names

**T**HINKING up perfume names which have sex appeal is one of the most trying tasks for Raymond Barbas, brother-in-law of Jean Patou, dressmaker and scent distiller of Paris. Barbas is in charge of the perfume end of the business. He is also manager of the dressmaking establishment. His wife and Patou's wife are sisters.

Barbas is really Patou's ambassador of good will. Twice annually he journeys to America, playing Ping-pong all the way over on the Ile de France, where he holds the trans-Atlantic championship. He plays tennis, golf and bridge with surpassing excellence. He has just recently returned to France, leaving a number of the members of New York's Cavenish Bridge Club considerably poorer than before playing with him. His chief interest, however, is his seven-year-old daughter Kiki, who is Patou's youngest customer. When she was but three weeks old, Uncle Jean Patou made her an ermine cloak, so tiny you could hardly see the coat for the imposing label sewed therein.

"Moment Supreme" is the best-named and most successful of Patou scents. Barbas thought up its name, as he did also the following happy triumvirate: "Que Sais-je?" "Amour-Amour" and "Adieu Sagesse." Translated, these seem to suggest just the proper delicious naughtiness to incite purchasers. Most expensive of Patou's perfumes is "Joy" which commands \$35 for two-thirds of an ounce. The selling argument behind this wallop price is that each customer who orders it is entitled to have a special label bearing

the legend, "Made for Madame Marshall Field," "Made for Madame Otto Kahn," etc.

...

### A Birdie

The Jenny Wren singing tea kettle won wide approval, we believe, because the movies have taught us to expect sound in everything. The Jenny Wren pipes a tune as soon as water within it begins to boil. Now Birdie, the whistling egg cooker, has become its popular companion. This is a copper kettle with place within for 4 eggs. It is built like a double boiler, and filled with water to any of three levels, soft,



"Why did I make John promise not to go out with the boys?"

medium or hard, all indicated by writing. Soon as the water covering the eggs reaches the boiling point at whichever level it has been set, a yellow chick which perches atop chirps and whistles merrily.

...

### Finny Business

**T**HE best saleswoman in Macy's tropical fish department is a Miss Breeder, who has the distinction of working in the store's only self-refilling department. These tropical fish are great breeders. They duplicate themselves in great schools. Were they not carnivorous, their tanks would have to be renewed for vaster receptacles almost daily. But because the parents gulp down their young,

they increase by geometric progression at the rate of one to five.

...

### This Month's Madnesses

*Quickees*, which are children's underwear with a snapping lastex waist-band allowing for quick slipping on and off. Mothers like *Quickees*, partly because of their almost instantaneous unfastening, and partly because of there being no everlasting buttons to sew on.

*Wee-Fits* are the brief little cute little panties Eastern girls are urged to wear by Best & Co., because Hollywood adores them. They're snug-fitting foundation pants that take the place of girdles on slim girls.

*One-leg Pajamas* for beachwear, have one normal trouser leg and a sort of apron double-flap wrap-around which ties to form the other leg.

*Dated Shirts* are Arnold Constable's one-year guarantee of service, the indelibly written date on the tab of the shirt marking the day of purchase.

*Odorless Garlic* in the form of a new Gravier garlic sauce cherishes the flavor but not the scent of wolfbane.

*Theremin Kidnap Snooper* is an electrical device which operates all around a baby's

cradle, setting up a fearful siren shriek as soon as anyone steps within a 6-foot radius. This happens even when mother or nurse approaches, if they have forgotten to turn off the device. Theremin is the scientist who first plucked musical sounds from the air. He has since perfected several thief catching devices which are in use at many banks.

...

### Are You Wearing . . .

Necklaces and brooches made of silver mesh and colored mirror. . . . An Alice in Wonderland bandeau in your hair for evening. . . . Printed silk gloves to match your dress. . . . Linen tailored suits. . . . Pique sailor hats. . . . Your hair in massed ringlets or in a duet of sausage rolls. . . . A



knitted lastex cummerbund over your waist (it does look like a baby's belly-band but it's smart) when you play golf or tennis. . . . Are your initials prominently displayed on the top frame of your handbag. . . . Have you a middy suit and skirt in your wardrobe (because they're being worn up to the age of 30, if you're a young 30). . . . Do you wear two bright chiffon handkerchiefs tied about your wrist for evening. (Green and red, magenta and blue, or any combination that matches your frock. These float colorfully from the wrist.) . . . Are you roller skating or bicycling for exercise and fun? You *should* be.

#### May Is Be-Kind-to-Moths Month

We recall two murderous methods of attacking poor defenseless moths last year. One was an electric moth ball the size of a hand-grenade. A click of the electric key, and deadly fumes spread over a room-size area, causing moths to swoon and expire unprotestingly. Another method of extinction was a long, sharp stiletto with which to make death-dealing thrusts into upholstered furniture. Each thrust left after it a stream of poisonous moisture fatal to moths. This year's down-with-moths movement is more kindly, more humane. Indeed it is perfumed with sandalwood. It is a clothespress moth-proofing device in pretty pastel colors, scented with sandalwood. It's called a Bloc, and your favorite shop should carry it.

Another nose-appeal is Fragrine, a sweet-scented spray to overcome stale and stuffy odors in homes and offices. This will not remind you of the throat-clutching mistral they used to squirt in movie houses to purify the air. Fragrine is refreshing, floral and delicate, but strong enough to banish tobacco, cabbage, dust and such persistent smells.

—T. W. S.

#### APRIL SOLUTION

DECODE	AGITATOR
ANIMAL	ALIVE
TENEMENTS	RURAL
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CLAM	MATADOR
SHED	DINER
Y	SEMINAR
N	DEVIL
ASP	TAM
PLow	NUMBER
SALAD	MULTIFORM
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L-5

## PUSH-CART LANE

By Jefferson Machamer

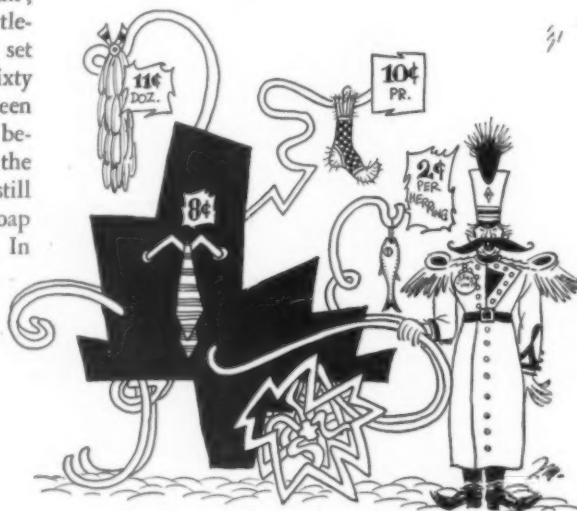


IT had been twelve years since my last and only previous visit to Orchard Street. Twelve years ago I went there to shop of necessity among the push-carts. At that time I bought heavy woolen sox—fifteen cents the pair; a purple turtle-neck sweater set me back sixty cents; fifteen bath-towels became mine for a dollar; and at the end of those twelve years I still have some of the supply of soap I got for seventy-five cents! In other words I didn't see, at that time, the romance of Orchard Street—saw only the necessities of life at prices uncontrolled by Wall Street interests. Neither, twelve years ago, had I thought of what we shall lightly call "my art." I failed to sense the spirit of Carnival or the steam of the melting pot. I didn't get the "picture."

But the other evening, huddled in the cold pent-house of a Fifth Avenue bus, Orchard Street bound, I wondered what twelve years had done to the push-carts. Had they become modernistic—crazy angled things in chromium steel with square wheels? Instead of the sagging tenty canopies atop the carts would there be marquees? Would the bellowing attendants be in uniforms *à la* Roxy and the scene

glared by floodlights? Were racketeers now determining tariffs? I was afraid of life's change of pace and what it might have done to the litter of Orchard Street.

At Washington Square I left the bus and walked east through sinister streets—and I mean to call the attention of the Department of Street Cleaning to those streets—until I saw the flares of Orchard. Happiness came over me.



Had the push-carts gone modernistic—crazy things in chromium steel?

There was the same scene after twelve years—the lamp-lit lane of sundry laden carts, the bedlam, the melting pot, the beetle-eyed bartering—wailed in a pigeon blending of all the world's tongues. In a solemn gesture of thanks I removed my hat—and some one screamed, "You wanna buy da cap, Meesta?"—and, aesthetically cuck-oo, I bought a cap, twenty-seven cents!

I defy anyone, even though bent on an errand of murder, to pass along

Push-cart Lane without pulling up here and there and sheepishly suffering your sales resistance to be battered away. Orchard Street is the street of nonresistance. Push-cart salesmen sell with every muscle of their bodies. It took only the menacing gleam in one cartman's eyes to quit me of his cart with a seventy-cent lady's pink ruffled parasol dangling from the wrist which sends a ball two hundred and forty yards down a fairway! (Go ahead—write letters to the editor and say, "Does he mean *strength*?" ) And, sillily, I hesitated at a hose cart—

colorful pedal sacks, in their kind of silk, for ten and fifteen cents the pair—same as twelve years ago. I picked up a pair and stuck a hand inside. (I always do that with sox, but never know just why!) The man behind the cart went into a sales talk which could only be compared to a nation-wide hook-up of all the things one doesn't like on the radio broadcast simultaneously. He shook his cart in frenzy, threw his hat among the sox, clapped hands, puffed his pipe until it might have exploded, crawled under the cart to me on the sidewalk and I bought the sox just as he got close enough to my

ear to chew on it!

Thus far—a balloonish cap, a lady's pink parasol and pea-green sox three sizes too large for me!

ON my way, snappily, along the sputtering gas-flared bazaar. By then I was playing a game—trying to find a salesman who would fail. Ah-h! A fish cart—veddy smelly! This would be a supreme moment. No man lived who could sell me a herring!



I removed a glove—being a gentleman—picked up a herring and it slipped through my fingers to the sidewalk. I retrieved it and was about to replace it when the salesman practically bounded over his cart and went insane!

From this salesman-cheerleader's vocal point of view I gathered that one of the rules of Orchard Street is—if a man with a silly waxed mustache drops a herring on the sidewalk while he is examining said herring as a potential purchase, said herring becomes a purchase in fact! Poo-pa-doop! I OWNED A HERRING! The laddie tried to put my herring in a bag, but I neighed him and tossed it into the bag which held the sox! I was mad, but careful not to show it—waxed mustaches, snappily dipped Homburg hats, yellow foularded scarfs and Ritz polo coats are beepy in Orchard Street!

Tripping along—me and my pink parasol with two bundles dangling!

I had made up my mind only to observe the scene thenceforth—just be a tourist with a slightly wet carnival spirit. My thoughts would be romantically sophomoric, with a bit of the old cold steel in the eye!

THE scene—Jews, Italians, Germans and Frenchies predominated. At the peak of this Saturday night's barter their lingoes swelled to a mad bolero pitched here and there by a scream when a sale was made. How the frail little carts withstand the onslaught of a Saturday night is analytically impossible. Their somewhat better, who battle a Gimbel's Basement bargain day, are mumbling weaklings in comparison. Women outnumber the men three to one in this clattering street. You've but to close your eyes and listen to the bargaining.

I've neglected, purposely, to name the wares displayed on the carts. It would be padding this story. There

isn't a thing, excepting pianos, portable houses and automobiles, which cannot be bought under the flares.

The three or four policemen who patrol this bit of Orchard are, I'm eyewitnessly positive, the busiest Knights of the Nightstick in brittle old New York. They step out of one argument into another. (It was a policeman who decided against me in the Herring Case!) And when a policeman speaks, the vocal hubbub disappears—only the cop's word is heard. I asked one of the boys in blue if Push-cart Lane kept him on his toes. But before he could answer, and this was answer enough, he was dragged away by a hysterical woman who claimed she'd been short-changed by a banana man!

By ten, business slows to a standstill and half an hour later the push-carts are dismantled of canopy, the wares are covered, flares turned out and the business is pushed home—whole families show up to help shut shop. I cannot resist saying the Arabs of Orchard folded their tents and noisily stole away. Where do the push-carts spend the night? I know. In front of tenements in the neighborhood. Walking cross-town to Washington Square again I saw them parked at the curb in front of houses in darkness.

*The Fifth Avenue Coach Company may dispose, as best they can, of the pink parasol, herring, sox and cap they MUST have found under the wide rear smoker's seat on some bus or other!*

#### THE TIMID SOUL

I think I love you very much,  
And that will have to do.  
I'm not in sympathy with such  
Uncertainty, but you  
May have sufficient confidence  
For both of us, although  
You'd better be on your defence  
Young fellow,—that I know.

—Margaret Fishback.

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SIXTY-FIRST  
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Music by William Scotti  
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L-5





# LIFE'S TRADEMARK CONTEST

First Prize \$50.00—Second Prize \$25.00—Third Prize \$10.00—  
Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Prizes \$5.00 Each.

**H**ERE is the second in LIFE's series of Trademark Contests. Like the first, published last month, it will test your memory and give you a chance to win part of \$100.00 in cash that LIFE will pay each month for the best answers.

Below are 15 nationally-advertised and nationally-known trademarks. How many can you identify? The first prize

of \$50.00 in this contest will be awarded to the contestant who furnishes the nearest complete list of identified trademarks and who, in the opinion of the Judges, writes the most interesting letter describing an experience (pleasant or otherwise) that he or she has had with any one of the trademarked products or services. The five other prizes will be awarded to the runners-up.

 1. <i>Head Sharpman Antons Dink</i>	 2. <i>Poplin</i>	 3. _____
 4. <i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	 5. _____	 6. <i>3rd Street</i>
 7. <i>Gerson</i>	 8. _____	 9. <i>Chevrolet</i>
 10. _____	 11. <i>Metropolitan</i>	 12. <i>Pindstone</i>
 13. <i>Yippa</i>	 14. <i>Yippa Pacific</i>	 15. _____

How many of these can you identify? You should be able to fill in at least eight of the dotted lines within two minutes.

## Conditions of the Contest

**L**ETTERS must not exceed 150 words in length. There is no limit to the number of letters each contestant may submit but each letter must be accompanied by a list of the trademarks. Contestants who are unable to name all 15 trademarks are not barred from competition; all entries will be judged as much on the merits of the letter as on the completeness of the list of trademarks.

List the trademarks at the top of the sheet of paper on which the letter is written, numbering them in the order in which they appear on this page. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address.

The Editors of LIFE will be the Judges.

In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Entries should be sent to LIFE's TRADEMARK CONTEST, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City, and must reach LIFE's office not later than Monday, June 5. Announcement of the winners will be made in the July issue.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers of LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition.

## Great Minds at Work

**I** HAVE sometimes thought of re-writing Hamlet so as to bring out what Shakespeare was driving at."

—George Bernard Shaw.

"Japan is serving the cause of peace."

—Yasuke Matsuo.

"Battleship building is a racket."

—Brig. Gen. William Mitchell.

"Am I supposed to say anything?"

—Vice-President Garner.

"At least thirty states will fail to ratify the repeal amendment."

—Dr. Clarence True Wilson.

"Beer would unbalance millions of family budgets."

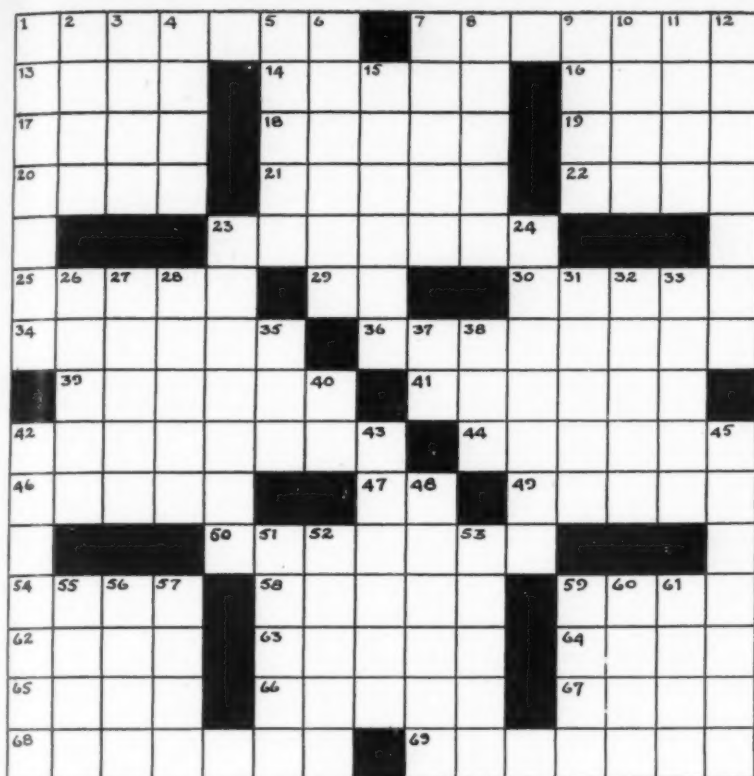
—F. Scott McBride.

"Sometimes I get tired of the pictures."

—Gloria Swanson.

"Scientific things do not develop as rapidly as newspaper columns."

—Dr. Albert Einstein.



#### HORIZONTAL

1. Big producers of hair-raisers.
7. This contains accounts of the day.
13. Demon.
14. This happened last month.
16. A standard of averages.
17. To come to something.
18. Indian fighter.
19. To beat up.
20. Unites to increase.
21. Often found beside the bacon.
22. One who looks forward to things.
23. Still found in some apartments.
25. A swell snake.
29. Beginning to go twice.
30. This gives baby stomach ache.
34. Mistakes.
36. A mischievous prank.
39. Pep or spice.
41. 100 per cent all wool.
42. Roamed.
44. Something easily grasped.
46. A gold brick.
47. R in the plural.
49. One name Queen Elizabeth probably wasn't called.
50. Penny-pinches.
54. What detectives are after.
58. Competitor.
59. Cavity where teeth are found.
62. Domestic enterprise under one roof.
63. Expensive musical show.
64. Stare.
65. Good for nothing.
66. Made by layers.
67. Fictions for fact.
68. Early American.
69. Chest protectors.

#### VERTICAL

1. This comes out of a spring.
2. To grow old in the past.
3. Reared.
4. Gamblers' chances.
5. This always holds up dinner.
6. Bound.
7. This is always donated.
8. On the watch.
9. Rears.
10. Rent.
11. Never false.
12. Clinch.
15. Lay waste.
23. These often face the rifle squad.
24. Insect amulets.
26. Wind pipes all keyed up.
27. Fetch.
28. A type of musical composition.
31. An odd word for conjecture.
32. Countries.
33. Savage deities.
35. Beginning of every sermon.
37. Small abbreviated.
38. Courteous Eccentric Hippopotami.
40. An action in law.
42. Old charmers.
43. Advances against the enemy.
45. Without visual perceptors.
48. Stings.
51. Withered up old woman.
52. Not so green.
53. Slight splash.
55. Song writer's meal ticket.
56. Let out.
57. A raised bruise.
59. A familiar look.
60. Just one of the bars.
61. Copied.

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Virginia Beach, Va.

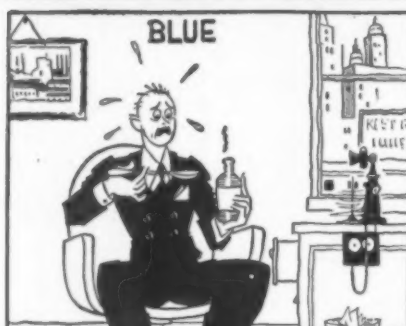
Sidney Banks, Managing Director

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## SUCH IS LIFE!

### LETTERS

#### Relief, Not Entertainment

WE appreciated very much the friendly column which appeared under the heading, 'Metropolitan Religion' in a recent issue of LIFE. The conclusion which the writer apparently draws, however, from his visit to the Riverside Church was to the effect that we are going in for entertainment in a rather large way. As a matter of fact, the thing we are going in for in a large way just now in the Riverside Church is relief. Even such items on our program as would look to be of the entertainment variety are indulged in primarily for the service they render as helpful morale builders in this time of stress and strain. . . .

—E. C. Carder  
The Riverside  
Church, N.Y.C.

#### One of the People

"We want to congratulate you on the new department, 'Some of the People.' The headings, 'Our Country' and 'Wheels of Industry' rank with the best you have ever published. . . .

"Don Herold's page is eagerly read and enjoyed even by those of us who haven't seen a Broadway show in ten years (and don't care if we never see another one)."

—F. C. Stanton  
Bellingham, Wash.

#### Cancellation

"Please discontinue my subscription to LIFE. Guess we are getting old—can't find anything funny in it—and the drawings are terrible. . . .

—Edwin O. Hall  
Winterport, Me.

#### Cover Fan

"Could you send me a copy of the

February cover, 'I Can't Give You Anything But Love!'? Somehow my magazine was destroyed and I would very much like to have the cover. . . . Your soap modelled covers have been extremely clever and most attractive. Every one comments on their charming unusualness."

—Mrs. William S. Peace  
Rydal, Pa.

#### Pressure

"I appreciate the higher standard of LIFE and enjoy it—and understand the pressure of the Ballyhoo order of periodicals."

—Rev. T. Marshall  
Stoughton, Mass.

#### Alleged Erratum

"The paragraph captioned 'Book Business' in Mr. Kyle Crichton's department in the March LIFE is fictitious from beginning to end in all its references to this firm and to the undersigned.

"Albert & Charles Boni, Inc. never published a book of verse by Mr. Edmund Wilson nor did Mr. Albert Boni have any interview with Mr. Edmund Wilson such as is described therein. . . .

—Albert Boni, President  
Albert & Charles Boni, Inc.  
New York City



Here's Don Herold, whose theatre criticism you have been (or should be) reading.

#### Earthquake Echo

"The L. A. Chamber of Commerce kept the earthquake damage out of the news as much as possible but here's one story they should have broadcast. A friend of mine who owns seven wells (five of them duds) in Signal Hill rushed out there to see how they were faring. Next thing I heard, he telephoned to announce that the earthquake had made gushers out of the five worthless wells!"

—G. S.  
Pasadena, Cal.